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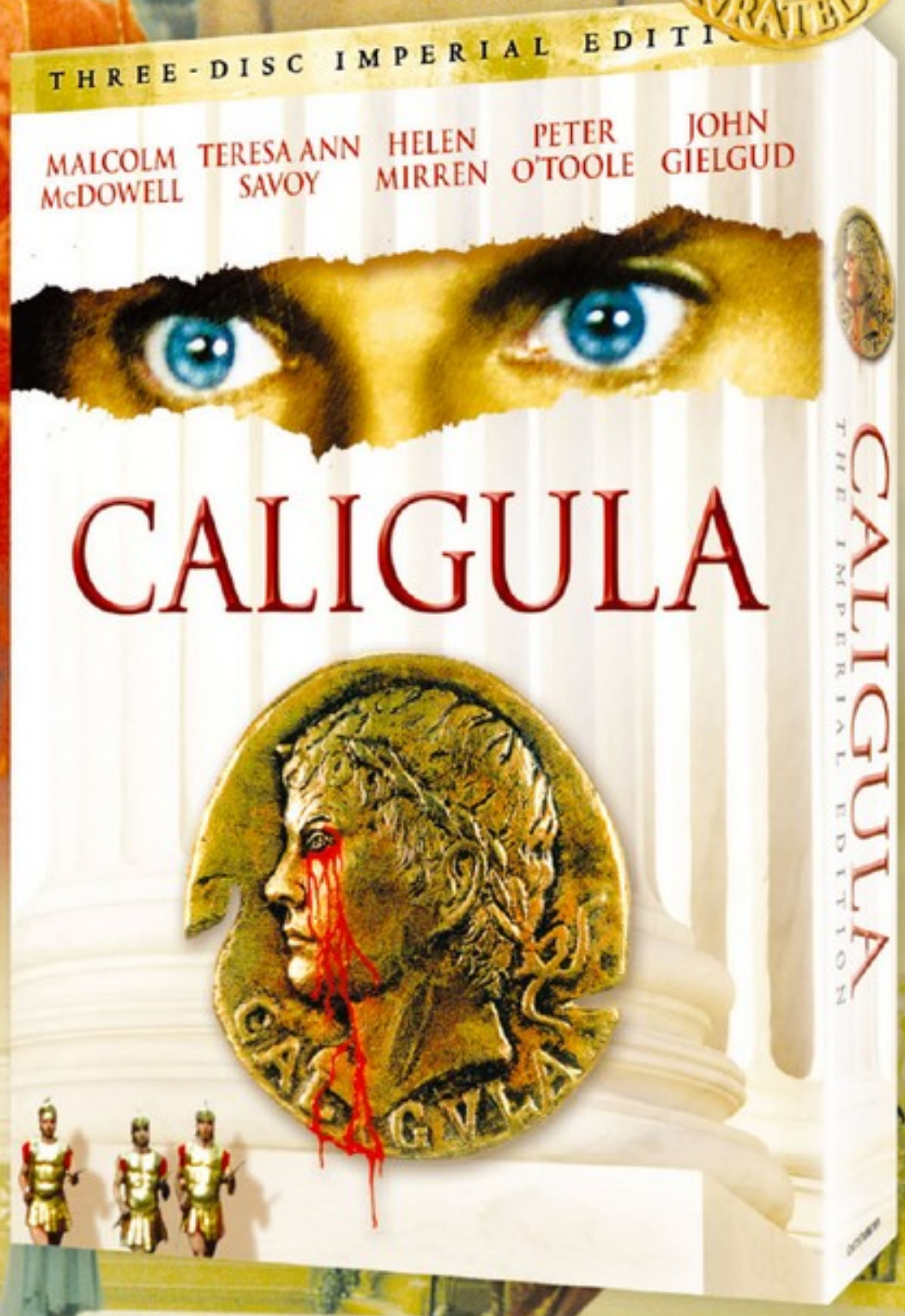

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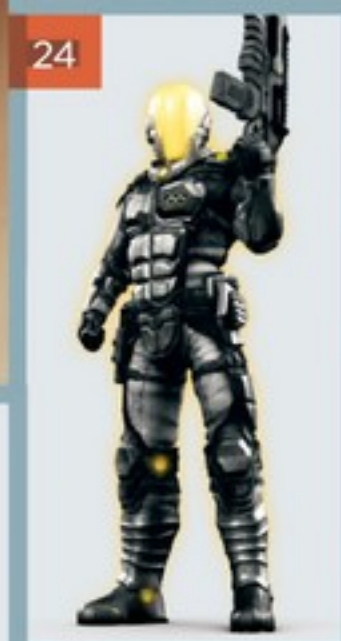

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Correction from December 2007: The photographs for the article "Forty Deuce" should have been credited to Jeff Vogeding. We apologize for the error.

Brother's Babe

I did something a few months ago that I'm still finding hard to believe. I didn't intend to screw my brother's girlfriend Carrie. It just happened—just how she just *happened* to be at the neighborhood bar with her friends one Friday night. And just how she *happened* to call me for a ride back to the house she shared with my brother Russell, who, she said, wouldn't be able to pick her up. I like Carrie; she's a lot of fun and a big tease. I'd hung out with her and Russ a lot, so I didn't mind the 30-mile drive to get her home. I figured I could always crash on their sofa and head back home in the morning.

The drive went by quickly, with Carrie and me talking and laughing the whole way. When we arrived at their house we tiptoed inside, but needn't have bothered—Russell was snoring and would have slept through an earthquake. He always was a lightweight who couldn't hold his liquor.

While Carrie found some sheets and a pillow for me, I kept her laughing with stories of pranks I had played on Russ whenever I'd caught him passed out. Then I took off my shirt, grabbed the remote, and sat down on the couch to watch television. Carrie stepped behind me and started massaging my shoulders.

"*Ooh,* that feels really good," I said. I tried to reach up and pull her down for a hug, but my hands landed on her tits. They felt full and inviting through her dress. Then I remembered she was Russ's squeeze, so I lowered my arms and said, "Sorry, Carrie. You've got nice tits, though."

"I know," she said. Then her hand was on my chest, sliding down my stomach and into my sweats. My cock was already semi-hard from her massage, but quickly grew to its full length when she began stroking me. My body started to vibrate the way it does when I get really horny. I closed my eyes and savored the feel of her hand on my cock.

I was lost in lust by the time Carrie removed her hand, climbed over the back of the couch, and knelt in front of me. She put my cock in her mouth so quickly, I didn't have time to think about what might be wrong with this situation. Carrie stopped sucking long enough to tug down my sweats and pull her dress over her head before taking my cock back in her mouth.

My body started to vibrate the way it does when I get really horny. I closed my eyes and savored the feel of her hand on my cock.

While she licked, sucked, and stroked the hell out of me, I unhooked her bra and flung it across the room. I caressed her full breasts, rolling my thumbs over her hard nipples. She gently squeezed my balls, and for a split second I wondered if I should put on the brakes—*not!* I moved my hand between her legs and felt her wet snatch. When I slipped two fingers into her, she moaned and sucked even harder on my cock.

"Wait a second," I said, trying to catch my breath.

"Are you ready to take the plunge?" she asked.

I responded by lifting her up so her pussy was directly over my cock. Like a heat-seeking missile, I found my target and slammed into her. I held her waist to keep her from moving so I could last. When I said it was okay for her to continue, she placed her hands on my shoulders and started riding me at a slow, steady pace, giving me a chance to calm down. I did at first, but then my hips developed a mind of their own and I thrust upward, pushing her to go faster.

"Don't you want me on my hands and knees?" she asked.

"I don't think I can last that long!" I said. I was a lot closer to coming than she realized. I rolled her under me and took over, pounding hard and fast. I felt her muscles tighten around my surging cock as I plunged into her pussy several more times.

Seconds later I lost it, shooting what felt like an endless amount of come into Carrie. When the tremors stopped, I collapsed on top of her. It was dead quiet except for our heavy breathing and the sound of Russell sawing wood.

The next morning I had trouble looking Russ in the eyes, but he appeared to be clueless and slightly hungover. Carrie behaved as if nothing unusual had happened, and I got the impression that she might have done this before—especially when she tried to convince me that I should hang around for the rest of the weekend!—*Name and address withheld*

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to forum.submission@pmgi.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

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SKIN TO SKIN

The night was warm, clear, and perfect for nocturnal play. We were headed to our cabin for the weekend, but I couldn't wait to get there. My boyfriend had been out of town for more than a week, and I was overdue for sexual servicing. If only he'd let me drive, we would have been in bed by now. We were just 20 minutes from our destination when I realized that I couldn't take it any longer. I told him to pull over.

We started kissing and touching as if we hadn't had sex in months. The passion began to build as we clung to each other, our heavy breathing the only sound on the back road. His hands roamed over my breasts, but it wasn't enough. I needed to feel his hot body against mine, skin to skin.

I untangled myself from his grasp and got out of the car. I moved into the glow of the headlights. His eyes followed my every move. With little fanfare, I began stripping off my clothes. Before I finished, he was out of the car and undressing right beside me. Then we were tangled again, his cock sandwiched between us, and his tongue leaving a hot trail along my neck. I was already wet for him, but he took his time. His fingers glided across my breasts, lightly playing with my hard nipples. Would he lash out at them with his tongue? He knew that's what I wanted, but he held back.

I placed my hand on his cock. It was his turn to moan as I pressed my hand against his hard length. He picked me up and I wrapped my legs around his waist. His cock slid along my wet folds, teasing my pussy. Slowly, he laid me down on the hood of the car and pressed himself against me. He teased my tits with his fingers and slowly brought his mouth to my breasts, swirling tight circles around my taut nipples with his tongue.

His fingers trailed down my stomach and slid into my pussy. I was so ready for his cock, but he still held back. He lowered his head until I felt his hot mouth between my legs. I went wild as he worked me over with his tongue. He continued the assault, heightening my excitement and pushing me to the brink before he finally planted his dick where it belonged. I was so turned on that I came as soon as he entered me. He waited until I opened my eyes, then began slowly thrusting in and out while I moaned and cried out for him to do it harder.

Instead, he rolled over onto his back. I was crazed with desire, but I knew why he had stopped. I rolled on top of him and slowly moved my mouth down his neck and across his chest. I stroked his cock and continued to move down until I was sure he could feel my hot breath on his dick. I slowly licked it from base to head until he begged for more. Then I rolled my tongue around the head and stroked his shaft with one hand while I massaged his balls with the other. He was moaning like crazy, thrusting against my hand and mouth. He wanted me to take more, so I lowered my mouth as far as I could. He begged me to go faster. I stayed in control, gently stroking him, using my mouth for his pleasure and torment.

When he was at the brink of losing control, he sat up and eased me off the car. Then he turned me around and bent me forward, pressing into me from behind. I met his wild thrusts with my own, crying out with pleasure, wanting to take all of him inside me. Before I knew it, I was gripping the windshield wipers and coming as he slammed into my pussy. His hands gripped mine and I felt his release before we both collapsed.

Panting and sweaty, we stayed there until he slowly eased out of me and rolled onto his back. When he tapped me on the ass, I knew exactly what he going to say.

"Okay, you can drive!"—*Name and address withheld*

More letters on page 146

He lowered his head until I felt his hot mouth between my legs. I went wild as he worked me over with his tongue.

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The Naked Truth

With her series of videos on striptease aerobics, Carmen Electra demonstrates the health benefits of taking it all off. If you'll excuse us, we're going to rearrange our Netflix queue now.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

She's hot and has seriously eclectic taste in husbands, but Carmen Electra also has some business acumen. Her *Aerobic Striptease* series, in which she teaches women to shape up by stripping down, held the No. 1 spot on fitness-video charts for 2006, selling more than 750,000 copies. Now she's back with *Vegas Strip*, filmed at a hot Sin City nightclub, and *In the Bedroom*, a confidence-building exercise routine. She took some time between workouts to weigh in on a few choice topics.

ON STRIPPING AS EXERCISE
"I got into it from performing with the Pussycat Dolls and the Bombshell Babies. I noticed how toned and in shape I felt. Dancing has always been my favorite form of exercise."

ON GIVING LIVE DEMONSTRATIONS
"Only if I'm dating."

ON BURNING CALORIES BY POLE DANCING
"It depends on how long and hard you dance. It's comparable to cardio, Pilates, and sex."

ON BURNING CALORIES BY LAP DANCING
"That depends on who you're giving the dance to. The key to a good workout is trying something new and having fun with it."

ON HER MUSICAL CAREER
"I've been in the studio with friends just for fun. It's a great creative outlet."

ON *IN THE BEDROOM*
"I wear sneakers at first, but keep watching. I eventually slip on some heels."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ISABEL SNYDER/CORBIS

THE LINEUP

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Our last-minute gift guide of box sets, seventies reissues, and new releases

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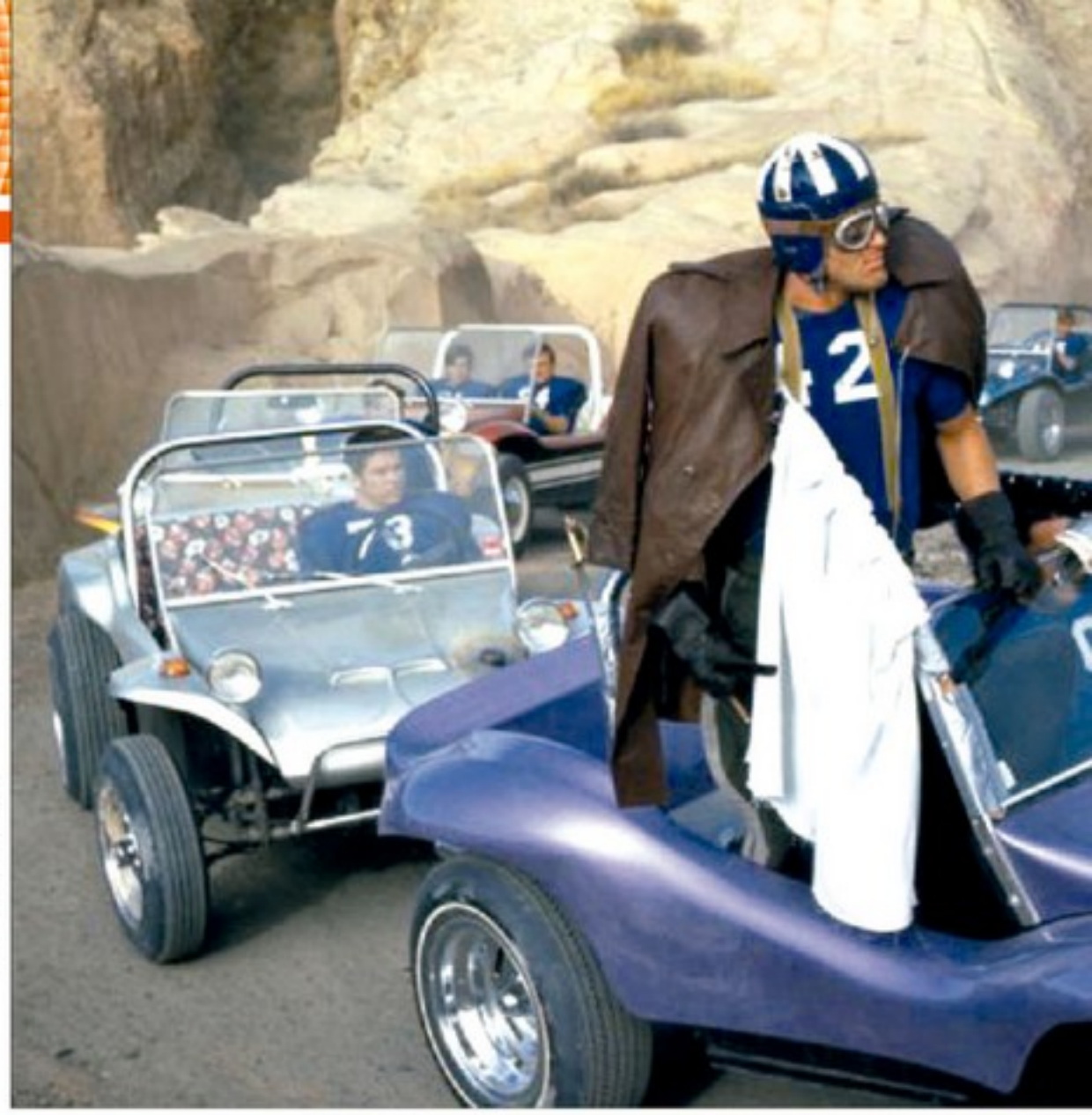
26 Reads
Lust, Beaufort, The Delivery Man, and more

STOCKING STUFFING

Last-Minute Man

So what if you put off shopping? You're a guy—it's not only accepted; it's expected. But with the right DVD in hand, you'll look like you planned ahead.



Your buddies will love ***The Roger Corman Collection,*** which celebrates the man who turned the B movie into an art form. Corman had a great eye for behind-the-camera talent as well: Oscar winner Francis Ford Coppola worked on two films (*The Premature Burial* and *The Young Racers*) in this eight-title set, and Peter Bogdanovich worked—mostly uncredited—on *The Trip* (written by Jack Nicholson) and *The Wild Angels*. The collection also includes *Bloody Mama,* with Robert De Niro; *A Bucket of Blood,* one of Corman's career highs; *Gas!;* and *X: The Man With the X-Ray Eyes*—about a guy with a *truly* valuable ability.

Your cinephile pals will appreciate ***The Coen Brothers Gift Set,*** which goes from Joel and Ethan Coen's first movie—the brilliant film noir flashback *Blood Simple*—to the dark comedy (based on real events!) that seduced Oscar himself, *Fargo*. They also put their twisted stamp on an array of other genres with the wacky baby caper *Raising Arizona,* the hard-boiled gangster flick *Miller's Crossing,* and the quirky satire *Barton Fink*. Sadly, the timeline ends pre-*Big Lebowski*. Fans of the Dude cannot abide that.

Roger Corman's *Gas!* (above) is fun but dated; *Fargo* (left) and *Raging Bull* (right) were high notes for the Coen brothers and Robert De Niro, respectively.

If you're looking for something old school, the ***Ford at Fox*** collection has 24 films from legendary director John Ford—including *The Grapes of Wrath, How Green Was My Valley,* and *Drums Along the Mohawk*—18 of which are new to DVD. There's also a coffee-table book and a new documentary, so it's perfect for the serious film buff.

If you're shopping for someone who's only impressed by a hefty price tag, pop for one of the **United Artists 90th-anniversary** sets. The ***Deluxe Gift Set*** has 30 films on 46 discs, from musicals and comedies to westerns and such great guy classics as *Raging Bull, The Great Escape, Rocky, Midnight Cowboy,* and *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*. The ***Super Deluxe Gift Set*** has even more of the same, with 90 films on 112 discs. Seriously. It's the perfect suck-up gift for your girlfriend's folks, especially if they're well-off and convinced you're not good enough. Consider it an investment in your future.

The UA sets include guy classics—*The Great Escape, Rocky, Midnight Cowboy,* and *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly.*

By Barbara Rice Thompson

NEW RELEASES

LOST SEASON 3

Fans were vocal about this roller-coaster season, burning up the Internet with complaints about its low points last fall, not to mention the epic mid-season hiatus. But things heated up again sometime in April, leading up to a kick-ass finale—though we still have no idea what's up with those glimpses into the future. Bonus features include behind-the-scenes featurettes, "secrets from the world of the Others," and "access to the Lost writers' room." Like we aren't already obsessed enough.

SUNSHINE

Director Danny Boyle reworks the claustrophobic journey through space as artfully as he rewrote the zombie flick with *28 Days Later*. A last-chance mission to save the dying sun is complicated when the scientists find the ship sent on the same job seven years earlier. Creepiness ensues amid really cool effects, but we're not giving away anything else.

BALLS OF FURY

It takes a special kind of genius to marry Ping-Pong to the FBI, then squeeze it into a thriller/comedy. And while genius might be a bit too strong, Ben Garant and Tom Lennon—two of the guys behind *Reno 911!*—make this tale of tiny balls work. The DVD includes deleted scenes, an alternate ending, and a making-of documentary.

Bonus features for season three of *Lost* include behind-the-scenes featurettes, "secrets from the world of the Others," and "access to the *Lost* writers' room." Like we aren't already obsessed enough.

RUSH HOUR 3

Jackie Chan and Chris Tucker, plus the requisite hot chicks and cultural confusion, are set loose in the City of Lights. When it comes down to it, what else do you need to know? Even at their worst, these guys are worth watching—and did we mention the hot chicks? The two-disc Platinum Series release (also available on HD and Blu-ray) includes commentary, deleted scenes, "Le Rush Hour Trois Production Diary," and a gag reel.

SEVENTIES STYLE

The Me Decade produced some of cinema's greatest hits.

The *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* 30th-anniversary edition is a great DVD for anyone who's just starting a high-definition collection (assuming you're going with Blu-ray, of course). Bonus features include a new interview with director Steven Spielberg, a retrospective doc, and (on Blu-ray only) a storyboard-to-screen comparison and a 1977 "Watch the Skies" feature. It has the original edit, the eighties theatrical version, and the director's cut. This is Spielberg's first film to be released in high-def, and while we fear the low-tech effects in *Jaws* won't hold up in high definition, we're looking forward to a next-gen Indiana Jones. And we don't mean Shia LaBeouf.

If you're mystified by the appeal of Jack Nicholson, check out the new collector's edition of ***Chinatown***, with one of his must-see early performances (the others are in *Five Easy Pieces*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and 1969's *Easy Rider*). Bonus features are minimal, so we're not convinced it counts as a collector's edition, but it's still a great film.

You've gone through life so far without seeing ***A Clockwork Orange***? Get your ass to the video store. Now. You'll finally understand the appeal of director Stanley Kubrick as well. The film's graphic violence is still shocking, and the political aspects still surprisingly relevant. Plus, once you see Malcolm McDowell's career-defining performance as the ultimate hooligan, you'll find an extra layer of humor in his *Entourage* cameos.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*RAGING BULL*, *LOST*, AND *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*) EVERETT COLLECTION

TRADE SECRETS

Walk This Way

The men behind *Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story,* Judd Apatow and Jake Kasdan, teach us how to make an Oscar-worthy biopic. Or at least how to make fun of them.

By Matt Haber

There are three things any Hollywood player worth his Oliver Peoples shades can tell you: If you want your "decency," get Tom Hanks. If a scene has a flying saucer, your soundtrack needs a theremin. And if it's a boatload of awards you're after, know these two words, which studio hacks have conveniently shortened into one: biopic.

The rise and inevitable fall (and even more inevitable comeback) of an era-defining figure is irresistible catnip to quality directors like Martin Scorsese (*The Aviator* snagged 11 Oscar nominations) and Milos Forman (*Amadeus* won eight statues, including Best Picture). Actors love 'em, too: Jamie Foxx took home the Oscar for channeling Ray Charles in *Ray,* and even Gary Busey (Gary freakin' Busey!) was nominated for *The Buddy Holly Story*.

But is there a can't-miss recipe for the ultimate biopic? Director Jake Kasdan and his cowriter/producer Judd Apatow think so. As they get set to unspool *Walk Hard*—the long, strange trip of an imaginary rock 'n' roll rebel—we ask them to reveal the secret formula for the perfect biopic.

Will *Walk Hard* spawn a full-on Dewey Cox revival? Probably not.

WALK HARD
John C. Reilly, Jenna Fischer, Jack Black

BIG DIRECTOR + BIG ACTOR = BIG PICTURE

"It's traditionally a great director who gets together with an actor who's finally being let out of the box and can act the full range of human experiences," says Kasdan, who last directed *Orange County*. For the comedic *Walk Hard,* Kasdan tapped John C. Reilly, who until recently was better known for his dramatic work in films by Scorsese and Paul Thomas Anderson.

SEE: Michael Mann and Will Smith in *Ali;* James Mangold and Joaquin Phoenix in *Walk the Line*

CAMEOS

"In a lot of these films, famous people play other famous people," says Apatow. "We thought it would be funny if no one really looked like the people they were playing, but then just keep restating their name." In *Walk Hard,* Frankie Muniz pops up as Buddy Holly and the White Stripes' Jack White shows off his comedic chops—literally, comedic karate chops—as Elvis.

SEE: Cate Blanchett as Katharine Hepburn, Jude Law as Errol Flynn, Gwen Stefani as Jean Harlow, and Kate Beckinsale as Ava Gardner in *The Aviator;* Crispin Glover as Andy Warhol in *The Doors*

EXPOSITION BY SLEDGEHAMMER

"The hard thing about making a real biopic is, you're covering 20 years or 50 years or 70 years in 90 minutes. Every moment of the entire movie is exposition," says Apatow. "Watching how filmmakers dealt with exposition was one of the main things that made us laugh."

SEE: Every single line in *The Doors*

WALL-TO-WALL SOUNDTRACK, WHICH LEADS TO ... A SOUNDTRACK

"There's a ton of music in *Walk Hard,*" says Kasdan. "It's all original music. We were working on that for eight months before we started filming. It tracks Dewey's musical journey and touches a lot of genres." The soundtrack follows Dewey from early rock 'n' roll to sixties psychedelia, up through a collaboration with Wu-Tang Clan's Ghostface Killah.

SEE (OR LISTEN TO): *La Bamba; Coal Miner's Daughter; Great Balls of Fire!; What's Love Got to Do With It; Selena; Ray; Walk the Line*

KICK OFF THE REVIVAL

Will *Walk Hard* spawn a full-on Starbucks-promoted Dewey Cox revival, landing him back on the cultural map? Probably not. SPOILER ALERT: "The movie ends with his triumphant performance at the Lifetime Achievement Awards. He dies three minutes after that moment," says Apatow. "There's no moment in the sun coming. But the posthumous Oscar is always out there."

SEE: *What's Love Got to Do With It; Great Balls of Fire!; Ray*

Here, Dewey Cox (John C. Reilly) croons with Darlene (Jenna Fischer)—later in his musical odyssey he hooks up with Ghostface Killah.

REVIEWS

JUNO
Michael Cera, Jennifer Garner, Ellen Page, Jason Bateman

It's already stunned festival crowds, but it's no chin-scratcher. *Juno* is a shockingly sarcastic comedy about a very touchy subject: teen pregnancy. The title character is the kind of smart, sassy high school outsider you secretly crushed on in chemistry class. After her first sexual fumblings prove fruitful, she decides—with brazen independence—to bring the baby to term for adoption. The movie marks the arrival of 20-year-old Ellen Page, who tears up the screen with the attitude of a *Heathers*-era Winona Ryder. —*Joshua Rothkopf*

REVOLVER
Ray Liotta, Jason Statham, André Benjamin

You know when your movie sucks? When you have to trot out a bunch of talking-head scholars over the closing credits to explain it to the audience. Guy Ritchie's gangster flick was released (and panned) in the U.K. two years ago. Now it's seeing the light of day again, and whatever retooling it's undergone hasn't helped: What begins as a revenge fantasy gradually attempts to incorporate elements of just about every male-centric movie of the last 40 years (including *Point Blank*, *Casino*, *Fight Club*, and *The Usual Suspects*, complete with a Keyser Soze–like figure), but ends up collapsing in a nonsensical, tiresome heap. The movie features some imaginative sets and one sequence that rivals *Saving Private Ryan* for its treatment of the pure concussive force of a gun battle. But beyond that, *Revolver* fires blanks.—*John Bolster*

PREVIEWS

I AM LEGEND
Will Smith, Salli Richardson, Alice Braga

Will Smith gets his serious sci-fi game face on again (see: *I, Robot*) for a big-budget remake of *The Last Man on Earth*. The population's been decimated by a killer virus. New York City is overrun with something called "grass." Parking's still a bitch. Freaks come out at night. In other words, another evening in Manhattan's meat-packing district. We'll happily confer legend status on Smith if he can deliver more than just generic explosions to the screen.—*J.R.*

Will Smith gets his serious sci-fi game face on for a remake of *The Last Man on Earth*.

THERE WILL BE BLOOD
Daniel Day-Lewis, Paul Dano

Nope, not another *Saw* installment. Rather, it's the long-awaited return of Paul Thomas Anderson (*Boogie Nights*) to the director's chair—and that shrieking you hear is the excitement of a zillion film geeks. It's been five years since P.T.'s *Punch-Drunk Love* turned Adam Sandler into a serious actor, if only momentarily. Now Anderson plunges into a sprawling historical epic about California's oil wars at the turn of the twentieth century. Loosely based on a novel by Upton Sinclair, the project has a serious pedigree. We're guessing this film will get all sorts of awards consideration, but there's one thing we know for sure: Expect blood.—*J.R.*

YOUTH WITHOUT YOU
Tim Roth, Bruno Ganz, Alexandra Maria Lara

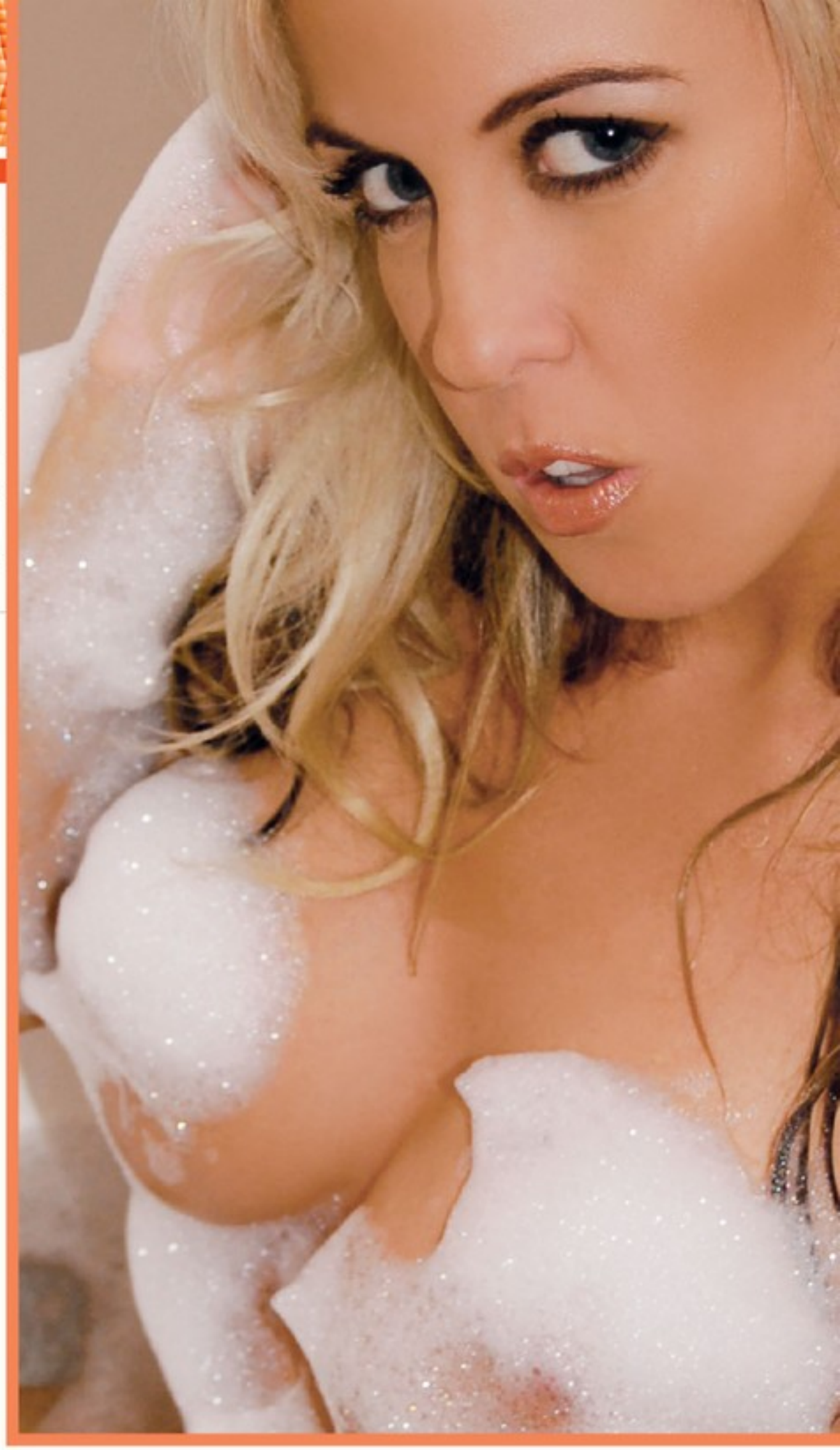
Okay, bad title. Really terrible. Why do we care? Because the man behind the lens is none other than Francis Ford Coppola; early word indicates this is less like *Jack* and more like *Rumble Fish*. And damn, wouldn't that be a relief? Coppola's long stretch in the wilderness of inactivity and occasionally bad instincts has been one of cinema's deepest cuts. But his latest places him with a respected Romanian novel by Mircea Eliade—a love story adorned with pre–World War II intrigue—and a dynamite cast. We'd love to welcome back the genius behind *Apocalypse Now*—before he finds himself known only as Sofia's dad.—*J.R.*

Q&A

High Drama Mama

The wait is over: Miss Howard Stern, Andrea Owenby, finally has her very own reality show, available on Howard TV On Demand.

By Jim Florentine



Andrea Owenby was crowned Miss Howard Stern back in 2002, at 18, and she's held the title in her unsteady hands ever since. With her high-pitched cartoon voice (which is not a put-on, by the way) and her hilarious train-wreck appearances on Stern's radio show, she's won legions of fans. Now the former exotic dancer from Dalton, Georgia, is starring in a reality show about her never-a-dull-moment life. We talked about her new show, her fling with former Stern producer K. C. Armstrong, and what it takes to get into her pants.

How did you like doing the reality show?
I loved it. I'm looking forward to seeing it. I hope it's not lame.

How could it be? Your everyday life is too interesting.
A lot more interesting things have happened since they stopped taping.

Like what? Are you pregnant again?
Oh, no. I'm not pregnant, thank God.

What do you look for in a man?
I guess a connection. It's hard for me to like someone for very long. I get tired of them pretty quick.

Do they have to have a big cock?
That's always a good thing. But it really depends if he is good or not.

So a guy can have a small one as long as he's good in bed?
Sure, I've been in that situation.

> "A big cock is always a good thing. But it really depends if he is good or not."

Cool, then maybe I have a shot. Where would we go if we went out?
Drinking, of course. But I haven't been having any sex lately.

Why not?
I'm not in the mood. I don't want to get pregnant again.

What if he does you in the ass?
Well, I've never done that.

You won't get pregnant that way.
I probably would because I got pregnant with my daughter when I was on birth control. I get pregnant easily.

Who do you think is a better mother, you or Britney Spears?
I know what Britney is going through. I think she loves her kids, just like I love my kid. We probably both grew up too fast. I had my kid when I was 16, so I didn't have much fun. I didn't party then, but I did when I got older. I don't think either one of us is doing anything wrong.

How would a guy like me get into your pants?
It's really up to me if I feel that with someone.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP RIGHT) ZEFA/CORBIS

Well, I figured it would be up to you. But I wouldn't want to piss off your ex-lover [former Stern associate producer] K. C. Armstrong, because he's a friend of mine.
He wouldn't get mad. We're just friends. I love him, but I'm not in love with him. We wouldn't work out as a couple.

Why not?
Because he wants me to straighten up, and maybe I don't want to.

If you had the chance, would you sleep with Howard Stern?
I don't think so. That would be a little bit weird. He's like a father figure to me. I respect him as a role model.

What do you want this reality show to do for your career?
I always wanted to do a reality TV show. I want people to understand me more. If people enjoy it, I'll be happy. I want people to know the truth about me.

THE MISS HOWARD STERN SHOW
HOWARD TV ON DEMAND

Andrea Owenby comes to Howard TV in all her helium-voiced, hard-partying glory. Unlike mainstream reality shows, the Stern producers didn't have to force conflict or stage situations—they just let the cameras roll on the wonder that is Ms. Owenby. Watch her turn the pettiest argument ever into an all-night drama; see her discover "barbecue"—a term unknown to her even though she grew up in Georgia; and marvel as she drinks more whiskey than Shane McGowan at a wake. Plus: bubble baths, sexy photo shoots, and more. Available throughout December.

WORST IDEA SINCE *VIVA LAUGHLIN*

IF WOMEN RULED THE WORLD
FOX

This one looks dead on arrival. A group of men who are "used to calling the shots" form an island community, apparently à la *Survivor*, under the orders of a dozen women, each of whom has an "ax to grind." We'll let feminists blast the show as a dis of the Clinton campaign. We're too busy planning a blanket party for the moron who decided to reward the guy deemed most whipped.—*B.R.T.*

SHOW AND TELL

The new year brings the return of some of our favorite shows—*The Shield, The Wire, 24*—but a few others deserve a close look. By Barbara Rice Thompson

SWINGTOWN
CBS

THE BACKSTORY: When the sexual revolution spreads to the older-and-married generation, swinging causes a seismic shift in suburban bedrooms
THE ELEVATOR PITCH: *That Seventies Show* invites *Desperate Housewives* to a key party
THE GOOD: There's likely to be a lot of sex and swapping; we love watching folks expand their sexual repertoire
THE BAD: There's likely to be a lot of relationship blather; we hate watching people talk about sexual regrets
THE VERDICT: We're intrigued, if confused about what—and who—the parentals were doing while we were home with a babysitter

THE SARAH CONNOR CHRONICLES
FOX

THE BACKSTORY: This picks up the story of Sarah and John Connor, post-*Terminator 2*
THE ELEVATOR PITCH: Sarah and John take on their toughest foe—the serial drama
THE GOOD: A can't-miss premise; Lena Headey (the sexy-as-hell queen in *300*) replaces Linda Hamilton as one of the toughest chicks in science fiction
THE BAD: The lovely Lena is too much action heroine, too little MILF
THE VERDICT: We've already started planning our premiere party

UNHITCHED
FOX

THE BACKSTORY: Three divorced dudes and the female attorney who handled their divorces all reenter the dating scene
THE ELEVATOR PITCH: *How I Met Your Mother* after *Divorce Court*
THE GOOD: It's from the Farrelly brothers (*There's Something About Mary*); last season's *Office* hottie Rashida Jones plays the lawyer/potential love interest for Craig Bierko's "Gator"
THE BAD: All four of them (even the guy who just ended his third marriage) are searching for "the one" when they could be embracing the joys of casual sex
THE VERDICT: Worth checking out, but unlikely to become a habit

Q&A

Nikki's New Fixx

Mötley Crüe bassist and reformed party monster Nikki Sixx has a best-selling book, a new album, and plenty to say about his once-wicked ways.

After two decades of living what was once called the rock 'n' roll lifestyle (read: outrageous quantities of sex, drugs, and alcohol), Mötley Crüe bassist Nikki Sixx is sober. Meaning that even though he's been traveling on the road with party boy Tommy Lee, it's probably safe to say he's had fewer late nights than mother of two Britney Spears. But what's in the past isn't always forgotten, and Sixx takes a steely look back into his hard-living years with memoir (and album) *The Heroin Diaries,* which examine the years he hit rock bottom. Chauncé Hayden caught up with him to dig deeper.

We'll be honest, we know how crazy those Mötley Crüe years were and we're a bit surprised you're still with us today.
I'm amazed I'm still alive. I feel reincarnated. Looking back on my life, it's as if it's somebody else's crazy life. But I'm still driven. I still have piss and vinegar in my veins. I still eat and breathe rock 'n' roll. But my inside is more focused now.

How so?
The addictions in my life made me feel bad, and I don't want to feel bad anymore. I want people to know that I can be rock 'n' roll and do whatever I want to do, but still be a good person. I don't have to feel like I have a hole in my stomach.

How much of your self-destructive behavior do you blame on being abandoned by your parents at an early age?
To be honest, I didn't realize until years later how pissed I was at them. I knew I was pissed, but I didn't know *how* pissed. My dad left, but I never knew why. All I ever heard was that he just ran off. It makes a person think, *If I'm half of him and he's a bad person, then I'm already starting life half-bad.* Then my mom was just lost. And if I'm half of her, I'm also lost. I'm just a kid and I'm already bad *and* lost.

That must have helped you down a self-destructive path.
Well, you get into that way of thinking, then you mix in teenage hormones, and you find yourself heading down a road at 100 miles per hour with no steering wheel and no brakes. All you can do is crash.

Being sober, is it hard hanging with others who aren't?
Here's the deal: My friends still interact with me. Some drink outrageously. And some just have a glass of wine. Some of them have experimented with drugs. But I'm always the phone call where they'll say, "I'm spinning out of control, I better call Nikki." I'm the one they call because they know I won't preach to them. They know I understand what they're going through.

Are you worried your legacy in rock 'n' roll will be "reformed drug addict" rather than "Nikki Sixx the rock star"?
The only reason I continue to talk about addiction at this point is to raise awareness for Covenant House. The book and CD were put out to raise awareness for Covenant House and to inspire people to give money and help these kids who are on the street. I was on the street, too, but it was nothing compared to what these kids go through.

Speaking of drugs, Viagra didn't exist back in the day, but it's all the rage now.
Viagra should be called "the Punisher." It should say on the bottle, "Take this when you want to punish your lover—in a good way!"

> "I'm still driven. I still have piss and vinegar in my veins. I still eat and breathe rock 'n' roll."

Do you need it?
No. I consider it a vacation. You take it once or twice a year and walk around like the cock-of-the-walk. Meanwhile, your girl lies there and goes, "Wow!"

You married two models. Neither worked out, and recently your relationship with former *Baywatch* star Donna D'Errico ended. Are women the kiss of death for a band?
Musicians tend to pick the type of women who are bad for them. If you're in a band and your woman is bad for you, then she's bad for the band. When you're younger, you're not careful. All you think is, *Oh my God, she's so fucking hot! She's perfect! I'll take it.* I bought a Ferrari once, just like that. I went in and saw a red Ferrari and said, "I'll take it!" But the fucking upkeep on a car that costs $250,000 is $2,500 per tune-up! A flat tire costs $500—and that's just to get the rim fixed. Sometimes in life, you have to say, "I don't want any more Ferraris. I just want a nice, dependable car." I just can't stand the drama anymore.

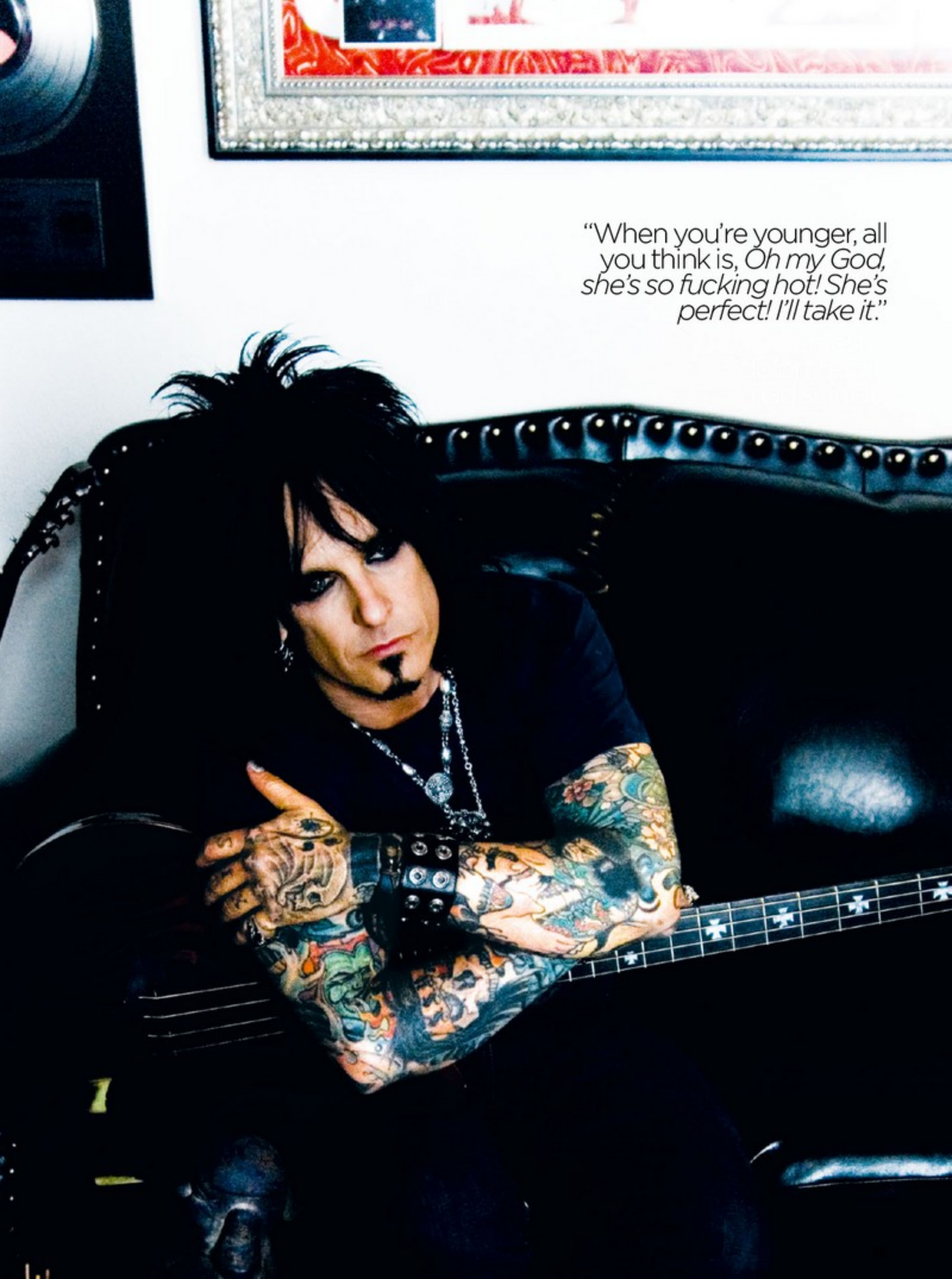
By drama, are you referring to Tommy Lee and Pamela Anderson?
I never really paid attention to all that. If people are drama queens, I just cut them out. I don't return their calls or associate with them. People have a one-strike rule with me. I don't have time to deal with people's bullshit.

Vince Neil and Tommy Lee have done reality shows. Would you?
No. Would I do a Geico commercial like Little Richard? No. It's just not my way.

A movie about Mötley Crüe has been in the works for a while—what's the holdup?
The story covers 25 years of this band. The question is, is it going to be a cheesy rock movie, or is it going to be a well-planned story?

What's the message?
Four guys from completely different backgrounds, who have nothing in common except for rock 'n' roll, become a gang, and then fall apart through all of the success. But in the end, they're still standing. It's a survival story. It's a human story.

Any regrets?
None.



"When you're younger, all you think is, *Oh my God, she's so fucking hot! She's perfect! I'll take it*."

By Andy Greenwald

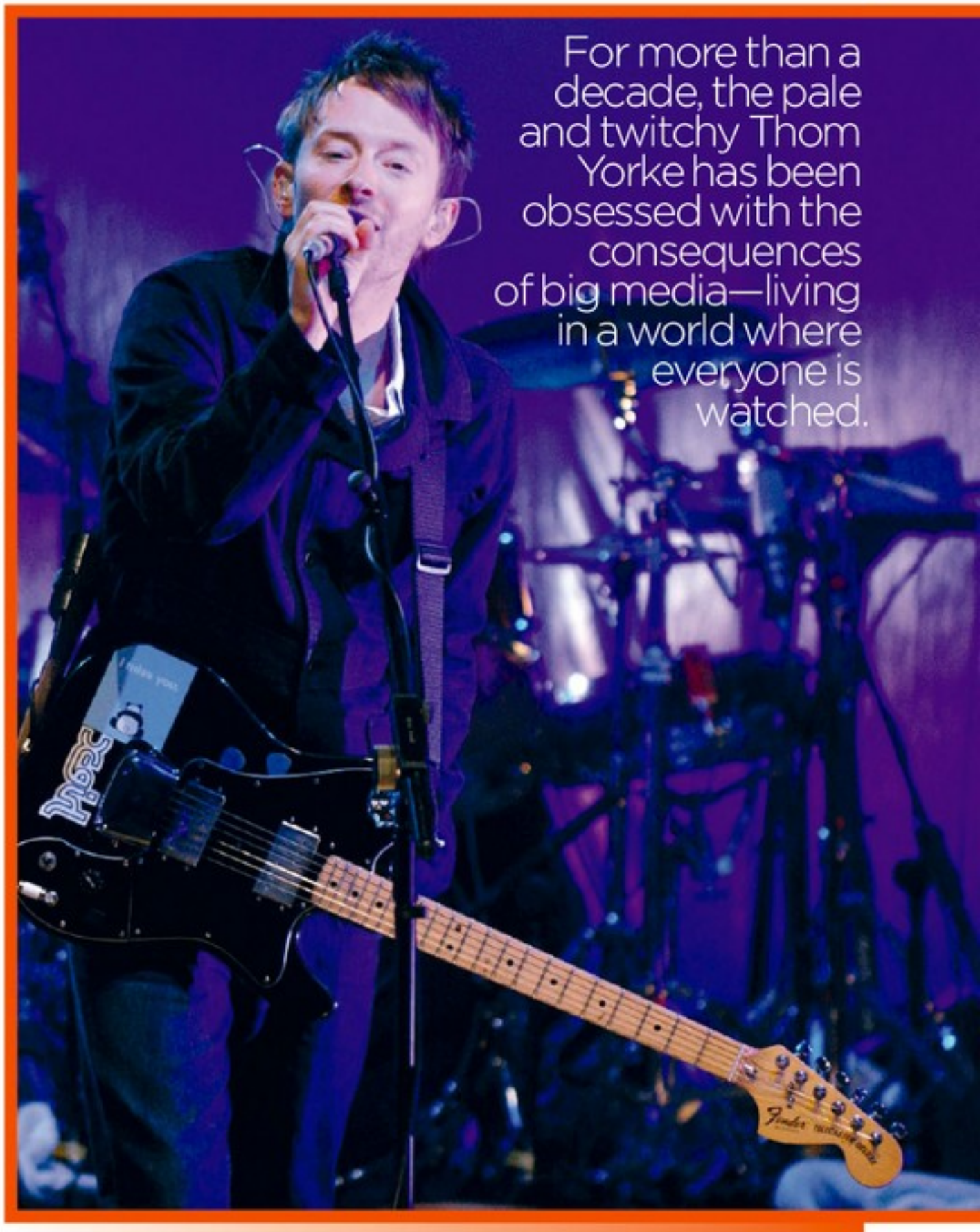
MAIN STAGE

RADIOHEAD
In Rainbows
(InRainbows.com)
★★★★

Radio GaGa

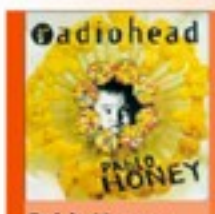
Radiohead caused a stir when they digitally released their seventh studio album without a label, and then let their fans choose their own price. But how does it *sound*?

Even though it's been four years since the last Radiohead album, Thom Yorke isn't feeling much better these days. "Has the light gone out for you? / Because the light's gone out for me / It is the twenty-first century," he sings bleakly in "Bodysnatchers," the most explicitly "rock" song on his band's long-awaited, industry-defying seventh album. Since 1995's *The Bends*, the pale and twitchy Yorke has been obsessed with the consequences of big media—living in a world where everyone is watched. Moody, claustrophobic, occasionally joyful, and often terrifically sad, the brilliant *In Rainbows* is a dissertation on the cheery subject of human isolation over backdrops that range from thundering techno ("15 Step") to chillingly sparse piano ("Videotape"). Whether he's stalking a lover in the hypnotic "All I Need" or begging to be devoured by worms in "Weird Fishes/Arpeggi," Yorke dazzles with his creepy/beautiful tenor. This is heady, dense stuff that suggests the band won't be returning to traditional verse-chorus-verse pop songwriting anytime soon—and it's tremendously rewarding.
***Penthouse* Pick:** "All I Need"



For more than a decade, the pale and twitchy Thom Yorke has been obsessed with the consequences of big media—living in a world where everyone is watched.

A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY: What you've been missing



Pablo Honey (Capitol, 1993) This debut failed to take the world by storm—perhaps because beyond "Creep," there's not much else going for it.

The Bends (Capitol, 1995) A head-spinning transformation—*The Bends* was the birth of Radiohead as world-beating, zeitgeist-channeling *artistes*.

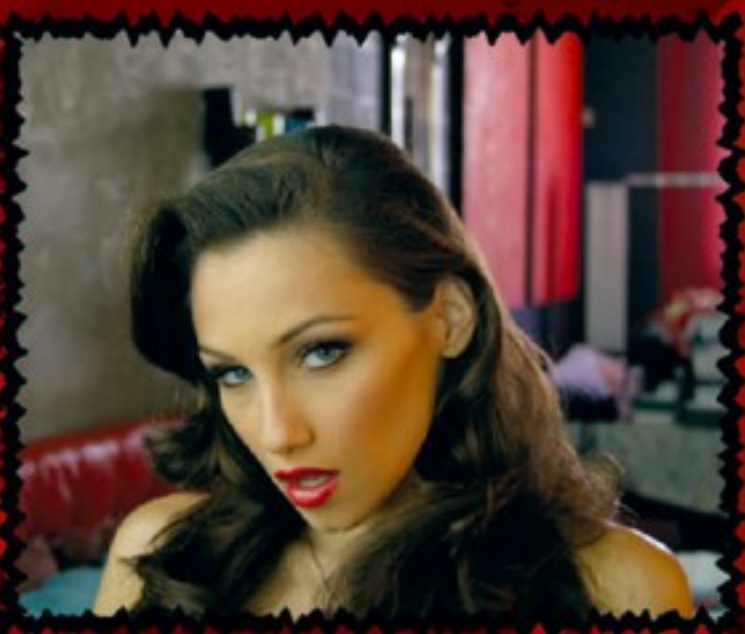
OK Computer (Capitol, 1997) The band's irrefutable masterpiece: a stunning, searing examination of our plastic, noisy modern world.

Kid A (Capitol, 2000) Dismissed at the time for being too "difficult," this is a triumph, and the sound of a band reinventing itself as sonic adventurers.

Amnesiac (Capitol, 2001) Or: *Kid A*'s kid brother. This collection of leftover studio tracks has its moments, but pales in comparison to its more pedigreed sibling.

Hail to the Thief (Capitol, 2003) Radiohead's return to more traditional sounds, the overstuffed *Thief* contains some of the band's best—and most political—work to date.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK MAINZ/GETTY IMAGES



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REVIEWS

THE HIVES
The Black and White Album
(Interscope)

★★★★★

SOUND CHECK:
Everyone's favorite Swedish garage-rock revivalists return with a vengeance on their fourth album of crunchy, sassy, refreshingly concise tunes.

AMPLIFICATION:
Howlin' Pelle Almqvist and his equally awesomely named cohorts have ditched the metronomic orthodoxy of their past releases. *Black and White Album* experiments with funk, hip-hop (thanks to guest producer Pharrell Williams), and guitar pop.

LAST NOTE:
Remember when the Hives were everywhere, using their affected, heavily accented English to boldly (and hilariously) proclaim themselves the only band that mattered? Maybe they were on to something after all.

***PENTHOUSE* PICK:**
"You Dress up for Armageddon"

DAFT PUNK
Alive 2007
(Virgin Records)

★★★

SOUND CHECK:
After three years without a new studio album, robot-mask aficionados Guy-Manuel de Homem Christo and Thomas Bangalter emerged as 2007's must-see live act. It didn't hurt the Parisian techno duo that Kanye West sampled their music on his single "Stronger" and rode the mash-up to the top of the charts.

AMPLIFICATION:
The Punks performed a genre-twisting, adrenaline-pumping set from Mexico City to Coney Island; this live album is culled from the best of those shows.

LAST NOTE:
As exciting as this concert must have been, it's hard to get worked up about a mix tape created for other people.

***PENTHOUSE* PICK:**
"Around the World"

THE LIBERTINES
Time for Heroes: The Best of the Libertines
(Rough Trade)

★★★

SOUND CHECK:
Fronted by songwriters Pete Doherty (the drug-abusing, Kate Moss–dating, frequently arrested one) and Carl Barat (the other one), the Libertines were the stars of England's early-millennium rock renaissance.

AMPLIFICATION:
Their best songs sound on the brink of falling apart, perched between Doherty's slack-jawed punk and Barat's precise melodies. When they were on, this controlled chaos was mesmerizing. When they were off, it was just plain messy.

LAST NOTE:
Ultimately, the Libertines are more famous for what they *didn't* do than what they did. The eighth track might well be their epitaph: "What a Waster."

***PENTHOUSE* PICK:**
"Can't Stand Me Now"

LOUIS XIV
Louis XIV
(Atlantic)

★★

SOUND CHECK:
Of all the boozy, bluesy scene-chasers that swam in the wake of the White Stripes' success, none seemed quite as calculating as San Diego's Louis XIV. We enjoyed their first album, 2005's *The Best Little Secrets Are Kept*—a cheeky mix of songs about sex—but they left the wryness behind here.

AMPLIFICATION:
The band's look is new wave, its sound is Detroit garage, and its accent is—bizarrely—just west of cockney. Lead singer Jason Hill has a passable swagger but fails to be memorable.

LAST NOTE:
If you can get behind lyrics like "Hey Tina ... you're so bitchy / you make me itchy," then have we got an album for you!

***PENTHOUSE* PICK:**
"Stalker"

WHAT'S NEXT

VAMPIRE WEEKEND
Untitled at press time
(XL Recordings)

The last New York City band to garner as much breathless prerelease hype was a little outfit called the Strokes—but where they were slick hipsters, the four dudes in Vampire Weekend are preppy-chic. The Columbia grads merge crisp West African guitars and beats with a geeky sensibility—the band calls it "Upper West Side Soweto." Singer Ezra Koenig has such a light touch, he can make palatable lyrics about Benetton and quirky grammar. Expect in-the-know types to start rocking sweater vests and debating Oxford commas when VW's debut drops in mid-January.

A LOOK BACK

P. J. HARVEY
From *Dry* to *White Chalk*

When examined individually, Polly Jean Harvey's seven albums, from 1992's aggressive, guitar-swaddled *Dry* to this year's haunting *White Chalk*, seem meant for different listeners. Enjoy paint-peeling blues-punk? The Steve Albini–produced *Rid of Me* (1993) is the one you want. How about swampy, feedback-drenched goth? Check out her 1995 masterpiece *To Bring You My Love*. Her most recent release is *White Chalk*, a disturbingly beautiful record in which Harvey swaps her guitar for the piano and sings a few octaves above her normal register. The result is an incredibly vulnerable work from a constantly evolving artist. It's impossible to predict where she'll go next—but wherever it is, we'll be listening.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK MAINZ/GETTY IMAGES

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Army of Two

★★★★ (EA) Xbox 360, PS3

This third-person shooter is not your average war game where the objective is to simply blow shit up—though that's always an option. A few unique twists set this game apart from the pack: Players can use a tampon as a tourniquet to heal a partner's injuries, shred air guitar mid-combat, and high-five each other after a killer firefight. Not all is innovation, of course—there are the obligatory customizable weapons and enough brownish-gray environments to make you think you've stumbled into the local Pottery Barn. But when you've boosted your "aggro meter"—which measures how much you've pissed off foes—you and your partner can go back to back, buddy cop-style, and smite your enemies in a cloud of gunpowder. Even better, the duo doesn't talk like they have rocks for brains; instead, they mutter lines like, "This guy is harder to find than Britney Spears's panties," and "Fuck you! I'm driving!" while they bicker over who's taking the wheel.

Now the bad news: You *can't* play alone. You must choose either the game's assigned partner or a buddy—and if your friend happens to be the gamer equivalent of a ball hog or can't keep the control buttons straight, you're screwed. Remember *Contra*? In *AOT* your trigger mate won't whittle away at your 30 lives by moving too quickly up the waterfall level (yes, we're still bitter), but you *are* forced to work together. This means you probably won't live very long when it comes to getting out of tight situations. Our advice? When it's time to pick a partner in crime-stopping, choose your trigger mate wisely.

> Your character mutters lines like, "This guy is harder to find than Britney Spears's panties."

FINAL FANTASY XII: REVENANT WINGS (Square-Enix) DS

★★★

Return to the world of Ivarice and follow the characters from *FFXII* in this real-time strategy role-playing game. It should keep you distracted until they finally release the *FFVII* prequel *Crisis Core*.
Rocks: The heat of the battles will hook you—or at least cause you to frantically drag your stylus across the touch screen to move players, cast spells, and attack enemies. You can summon more creatures here than in any *FF* title to date.
Flops: May turn off role-playing-game fans, as you're required to follow missions instead of roaming free.

INDIANAPOLIS 500 LEGENDS (Destineer) Wii, DS

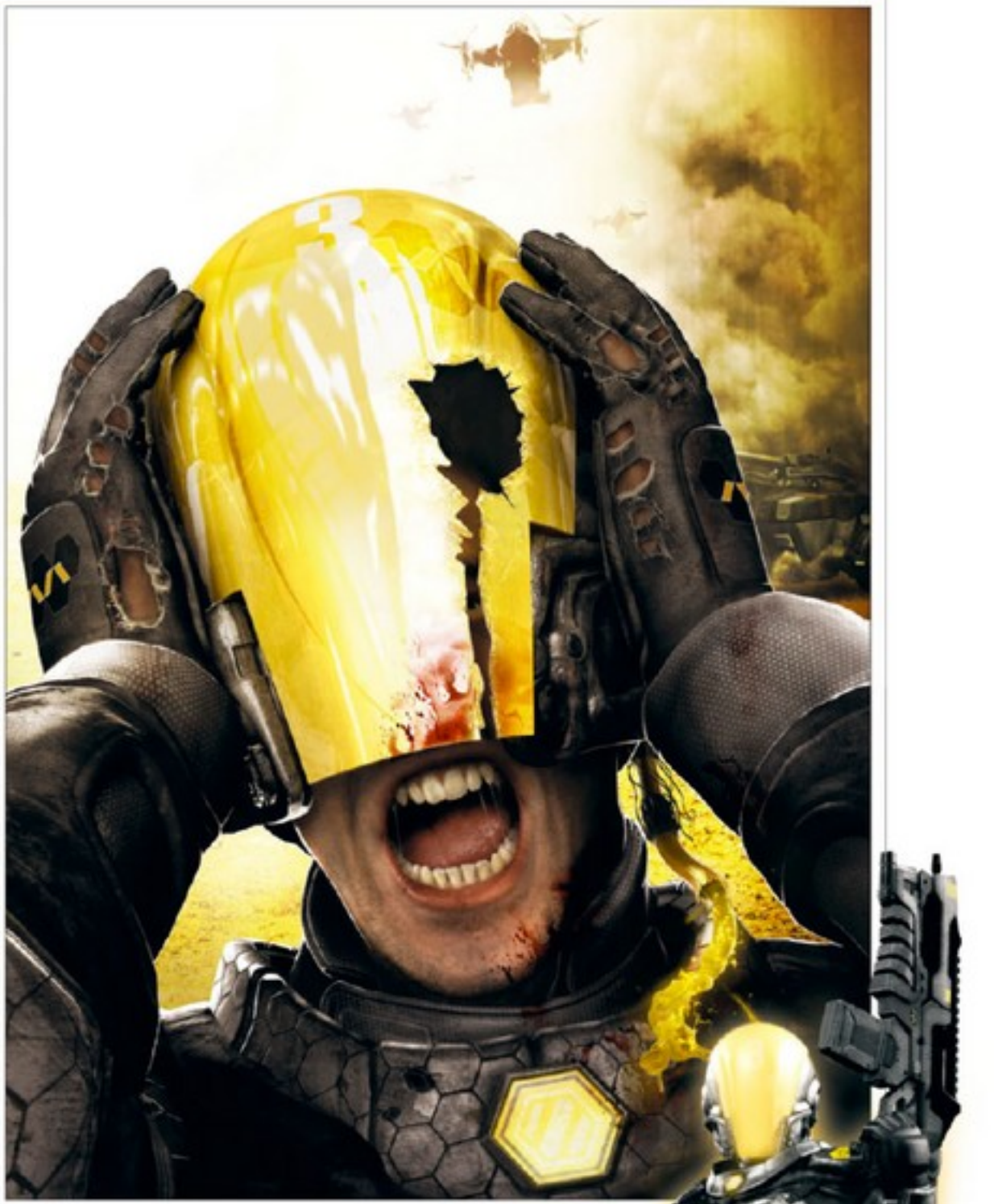
★★★

Looking for a wild ride? Return to the glory days at the Indianapolis Speedway and put your life on the line every time you take a corner.
Rocks: Action is based on real races that occurred between 1961 and 1971, with such drivers as A. J. Foyt, Dan Gurney, and Parnelli Jones; you get the chance to drive the first rear-engine Lotus-Ford. If you're a purist with patience, you have the option of completing a full Indy race—all 200 laps.
Flops: The graphics aren't that hot, so the DS version might be a better bet.

TOO HUMAN (Microsoft) Xbox 360

★★★★

In the third-person action-based *Too Human*, you play a cyborg version of the Norse deity Baldur, who's stuck with the task of saving humans from extinction.
Rocks: Yes, there's the usual upgradable weapons and skills—but there's also creepy peer pressure from gods who want you to become less man and more machine; some scenes seem ripped from the big screen.
Flops: According to Norse mythology, Baldur was the god of innocence, joy, and reconciliation ... not destruction. Oh, and you're a slave to the camera angle.

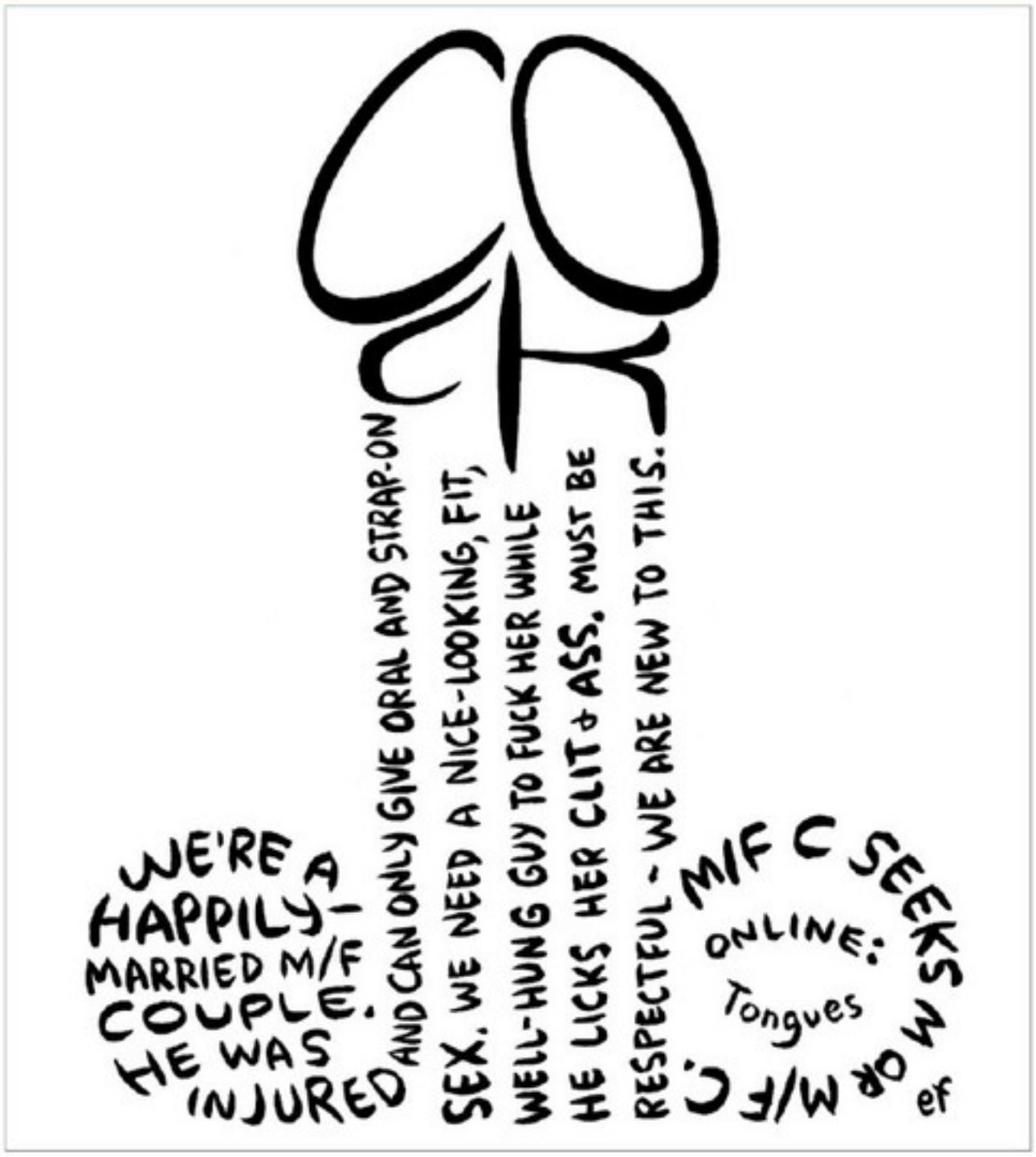


HAZE (Ubisoft) PS3

★★★★★

Futuristic soldier Shane Carpenter switches sides from his ripped (read: juiced) squad of hulking brutes to the rebel faction they're fighting. How he gets there is a mystery that's up to you to solve.
Rocks: The tempting drug Nectar offers improved sight, strength, and speed—unless you OD, at which point you'll go nuts and shoot your teammates. (Probably best not to pound too many Red Bulls before launching an online battle.) The game is one of the first PS3 titles to bring the rumble feature back to the console.
Flops: Engaging but limited multiplayer allows only four players at a given time; the military men look like strung-out bumblebees after they suckle Nectar.

GRAPHIC ART



Personal Bests

Seattle artist Ellen Forney transforms seedy sex ads into works of art.
By Rachel Kramer Bussel

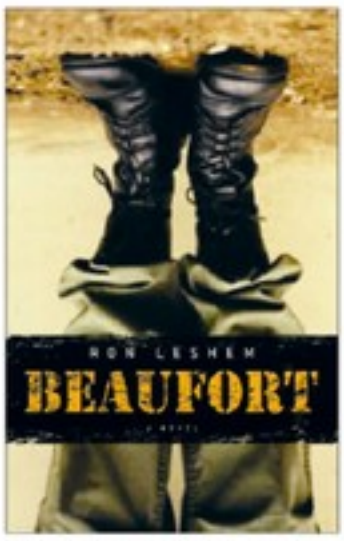
One of the most popular features in Seattle's alternative newspaper *The Stranger* is "Lustlab Ad of the Week," in which Ellen Forney's drawings (taken from real personal ads) make even the most extreme sexual fetishes seem accessible and amusing, capturing the eye with her simple yet seductive style. *LUST: Kinky Online Personal Ads From Seattle's* The Stranger (Fantagraphics) collects her best pieces, as well as Forney's interviews with some of the people who placed the ads—like Eric, aka "master_max," and Elizabeth and Joe, the self-proclaimed "beastwithfourbacks." Although you might think these people are socially maladjusted nerds, desperately looking for love in all the wrong places, most of the interviewees are in fact horny and hip—self-styled "fuck tarts" and "pirate wenches." (Of course, the people who place personal ads in the decidedly left-leaning *Stranger* are probably not typical of the breed.)

The drawings are divided into the standard categories (men seeking women, women seeking women, etc.), but any other resemblance to the traditional ends there. One reads, "I want to take my purple-headed warrior and plunge it into your quivering mound of love pudding," accompanied by a rendering of a spear-wielding knight in shining armor approaching a pudding-filled goblet. Another: "We live on the top floor of a downtown high-rise. Some horny nights, we turn on all the lights, open the blinds, and perform for our unseen audience. Play with us??" Forney clearly has fun with her subjects—who wouldn't with material like "Curvy F longs to watch a very fat F on the toilet"—while still treating each kink, from furries to feet to corsets to breast pumps, as valid. My favorite ad is the one above shaped like a penis. Forney's kitschy, playful drawings make you want to know these anonymous slutty souls—and make personal ads not just acceptable, but cool.

Her playful drawings make you want to get to know these slutty souls—and make personal ads not just acceptable, but cool.

From a Book We Couldn't Put Down

"Yonatan will never know how River the medic cried over his body, how he wouldn't calm down, how he fell apart, to pieces. Wailed like a baby. Yonatan'll never know how Furman and I spent a whole day in the trenches and down the slopes looking for his missing head. When the missile hit the guard post his head blew off and rolled down to the Litany River. We didn't want to believe it had rolled all the way down, to the river, but that's exactly what happened, and in the end we gave up. Nothing we could do about it. I leaned over in that heavy smoke and grabbed his body with both hands, a body with no head. He'll never know. And how the fire kept burning all around and we kept shooting and shooting and shooting in every possible direction, like that was supposed to make us feel better. And how everyone was shattered from it. The day before, we'd danced the waltz in our freezing dugout. We lit candles, we were happy. And then it ended. He'll never ever know, there's no chance of it. "Yonatan can't sniff that sweet sweat mixed with the faint smell of shampoo during a long night of wild sex and



cuddling, like the week we all had after we left Lebanon, when everything ended. Yonatan will never even know we left Lebanon."—From *Beaufort,* by Ron Leshem, translated from Hebrew by Evan Fallenberg, published by the Delacorte Press

PHOTOGRAPH BY HO NEW/ REUTERS

THE DELIVERY MAN
By Joe McGinniss Jr.
(Black Cat)

At first glance, this debut novel looks like a good, short read for the next time you're waiting at the airport. It's an insider's guide to the dark underbelly of twenty-first-century Las Vegas, brimming with brand names, hard bodies, hard drugs, and heavy doses of sex and violence. If that's all you're looking for, *The Delivery Man* won't disappoint. It'll keep you turning the pages, trying to keep up with Chase, who gets caught up in a teenage prostitution ring and finds himself chauffeuring young hookers to seedy assignations when he's not teaching them art at the local high school (this is much more confusing in a short summary than it is when you're turning the pages). But once you finish it, you won't be able to get it out of your mind—McGinniss uses his fast-paced, B-movie plotline to explore how the flip side of the American dream can often be an inescapable nightmare, much like F. Scott Fitzgerald manipulated the melodrama of *The Great Gatsby*. In fact, *The Delivery Man*, like *Gatsby*, is the story of a lost generation. While Fitzgerald's flappers danced as fast as they could before their world collapsed in Depression and war, McGinniss's losers are stranded in an empty landscape of dead sex, coked-out emotion, and pointless danger.

To his credit, McGinniss refuses to take the easy, ironic way out favored by so many contemporary writers who distance the reader from the characters. You see these doomed, wretched people for what they are, and then McGinniss allows them to break your heart. *The Delivery Man* is that rare first novel that could well become a classic.—*Peter Bloch*

OTHER PEOPLE'S LOVE LETTERS: 150 LETTERS YOU WERE NEVER MEANT TO SEE
By Bill Shapiro
(Clarkson Potter)

This collection of e-mails, notes, and cards can be loosely called "love letters"—but they contain only a modicum of sappiness. Many of these are actually breakup letters, the kind you'd cringe to receive even if you wanted out of a relationship. Some are so brief ("I bought whipped cream"; "I want you so bad") it's unclear why they're included, while others have the opposite problem—going on at length, dissecting an ex's every flaw. The best are either heartfelt or sexy ("I'm thinking about that time you tied me down to your bed and unbuttoned my jeans. And just used your tongue.")

Mostly, these letters are highly intimate and to read them is to peek into relationships. You'll often feel like a spy, privy to information you shouldn't be, or you might simply be confused. Lovers don't take the time to set up their stories, and these letters draw you into the middle of their affairs without any explanation, which is, perhaps, Shapiro's point. Nothing has

been tidied up to protect anyone; these letters are raw, humorous, angry, and intense—perfect for emotional voyeurs or those looking to escape from their own relationship demons by spying on someone else's.

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CHAT WITH A PET LIKE ME...

Andie Valentino
Pet of the Month
May 2007

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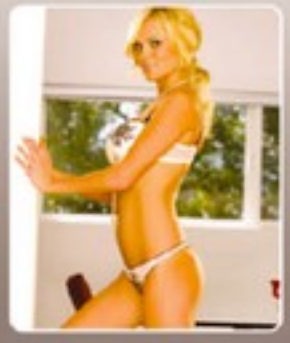

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C Monsters

With a redesigned CLK and a ferocious new AMG, the once-gentle Germans at Mercedes-Benz unleash their inner beast.

By Mike Guy

The gearhead geniuses at AMG have been tuning plain-jane Mercedes since they opened their garage doors in Affalterbach, Germany, in 1967. By the time Merecedes-Benz bought AMG in 1999 and made it their own personal tuning shop, AMG Mercs had set the standard for tweaking luxury lines. All AMGs are by definition faster, lighter, and more decadently appointed than their production brethren, but these two '08 entries—the CLK63 AMG Black Series and the CL63 AMG—are the brightest of Mercedes's aftermarket superstars.

CLK63 AMG Black Series

Mercedes-Benz takes the Black Series on a serious power trip

The **CLK63 AMG Black Series** is Nigel Tufnel's wet dream. By taking an already tuned AMG to an even higher level, the Black Series actually goes up to 11.

This coupe is the official Formula One pace car, which means it has to run the tight hairpins on F1 tracks fast enough to keep the tires warm on the monster machines lined up behind.

The core of the car is Mercedes's hulking 6.3-liter, naturally aspirated aluminum V-8, which produces north of 500 horses. Everything seems juiced: 19-inch forged wheels, composite brakes (14.2-inch front rotors), enlarged radiator and oil cooler, flared fenders, and the list goes on. But the new Black Series is about more than power.

This CLK is draped in carbon-fiber details—fenders, spoiler, brake gills, dash, diffuser, airdam, interior paneling—even the back seats have been removed to optimize weight. At 3,900 pounds, it's one fat passenger heavier than a Nextel Cup car.

On the road, the mountain of torque is smoothly applied across a broad range, and effectively pins the driver into his seat. Its wide tires and shortened wheelbase mean the car sticks to the road.

But buyer beware. The Black Series can be too scary to drive on public roads: The exhaust note sounds like a gutteral pack of demon dogs, and the throttle is a portal leading to enough power to hurt yourself and every other car in your zip code.

The platform is well set up for extensive tuning if you want to take it to a performance extreme: The suspension-level shock absorbers, front- and rear-axle tracks, and wheel camber are all adjustable.

Only a couple hundred of these devilish vehicles will make it to American shores, which must be a relief to BMW—whose M-series may suffer complete emasculation at the hands of this Black beauty.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Two-passenger coupe
Engine	6.3-liter V-8
Power	500 horsepower
Torque	465 foot-pounds
Transmission	AMG enhanced seven-speed automatic
Suspension	AMG adjustable coil suspension
Wheelbase	106.9 inches
Tires	19-inch 265/30 R19 (front), 285/30 (rear)
Curb weight	Approximately 3,900 pounds
PERFORMANCE	
0–60 mph	4.1 seconds
Top speed	186 mph (limited)
Fuel economy	13 mpg city/20 mpg highway
Price	$130,000–$140,000 range

CL63 AMG

The latest grand tourer coupe gives a command performance

Officially, the **CL63 AMG** is the "grand tourer" class of the Mercedes fleet, which means it's long, heavy, and wide. But there's nothing pokey or fat-assed about this sleek, sporty, phenomenally balanced coupe. This $140,000 luxury suite rides like a magic carpet—powerful, smooth as silk, and furnished to satisfy a pampered sultan.

Using the same naturally aspirated 6.3-liter aluminum V-8 power plant as the CLK63, the panoply of active body controls in this 4,650-pound monster make it perform like a premium athlete: It runs 0–60 in 4.5 seconds, powers up to 518 horsepower, and rumbles like an earthquake through its four pipes. And it handles as responsively as any Mercedes-Benz.

Also, the AMG doesn't cheat you on luxury details. It has throne-like seats that hug *and* massage; the walnut dash is real wood; night-assist radar microwave shows potentially troublesome objects in the heads-up display; and active cruise control adjusts to maintain the speed of upcoming traffic.

The exterior is the icing on the cake. The grille is widened and underscored by a bold airdam, and peppered with enough sinister angles to further frighten a populace already on edge by the engine note. You may be $140,000 further away from being a sultan, but by God, you've achieved luxury-coupe zen.

THIS LUXURY SUITE RIDES LIKE A MAGIC CARPET—POWERFUL, SMOOTH AS SILK, AND FURNISHED FOR A SULTAN.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-passenger coupe
Engine	6.3-liter V-8
Power	518 horsepower
Torque	465 foot-pounds
Transmission	AMG enhanced seven-speed automatic
Suspension	AMG Airmatic DC air suspension
Wheelbase	113.6 inches
Tires	19-inch 265/30 R19 (front), 285/30 (rear)
Curb weight	4,650 pounds
PERFORMANCE	
0–60 mph	4.5 seconds
Top speed	155 mph (limited)
Fuel economy	11 mpg city/18 mpg highway
Price	$135,000 range

Called Out

The iPhone isn't the only multimedia mobile on the market. With keyboards, mapping programs, and music players, other smartphones are set to take a bite out of Apple's dominance.

By Chuck Tannert

NOKIA N81
NO CARRIER; UNLOCKED
$500; $600

The N81 is built for music and gaming (it comes with a 3.5-mm headphone jack and dedicated game keys), which makes it a great travel companion. And with its quad-band world roaming and WiFi capability, you can save airtime minutes by making calls via the Internet. It includes stereo Bluetooth, an FM tuner, side-mounted stereo speakers, and supports most music and video formats. It also has RealPlayer for full-screen video playback and a two-megapixel camera with video-recording capabilities. The 2.4-inch, 16-million-color QVGA screen is beautifully sharp, and the alphanumeric keypad is easy to use. There are two versions: an eight-gigabyte model and one with a microSD expansion slot that accepts cards up to four gigabytes. They're pricey, but may be worth cracking open your piggy bank.

THIS WIFI-ENABLED MUSIC AND GAMING PHONE JUST MAY BE WORTH CRACKING OPEN YOUR PIGGY BANK.

MOTOROLA Q MUSIC 9M
VERIZON
$250

This is a *true* multimedia device. At 4.8 ounces, the 9M is heavier than the original Q (4.3 ounces), but it's a solid unit that offers great Windows Mobile 6 features—easily searchable e-mail, an enhanced calendar, and contacts with smart dial. Plus, it's equipped with Documents to Go, so you can view, edit, and create Microsoft Office files on your phone. But the surprise is the quick-access entertainment features: The user interface offers one-touch launch keys for V Cast Music, the camera, and pictures, so it feels like a dedicated gadget, not a phone with accessories.

IT'S HEAVIER THAN THE ORIGINAL Q, BUT ITS ONE-TOUCH LAUNCH KEYS MAKE THIS A *TRUE* MULTI-MEDIA DEVICE.

BLACKBERRY CURVE 8320
T-MOBILE
$250

This may be the best BlackBerry on the market. It looks sharp, fits comfortably in the palm of your hand, and offers integrated WiFi that works with T-Mobile's HotSpot@Home service, which means you can make calls without burning your airtime minutes. It also boasts a spacious QWERTY keyboard, a two-megapixel camera, supports popular IM clients, and has all the basic BlackBerry organizer tools, including the calendar and the maps application. You'll never need to ask for directions again.

WITH THE CURVE'S MAPS APPLICATION, YOU'LL NEVER NEED TO ASK FOR DIRECTIONS AGAIN.

SAMSUNG BLAST
T-MOBILE
$100

This is one of the least expensive and best-looking phones available. The interface is easy to use, and the Blast includes all the standard smartphone features—e-mail, organizational tools, and a 1.3-megapixel camera. It's equipped with stereo Bluetooth technology, a QWERTY-like keypad that keeps it compact but still text-friendly, and a built-in media player that provides easier access to videos and music than most phones in its class—especially at this price.

THE BLAST IS COMPACT AND HAS ALL THE STANDARD SMARTPHONE FEATURES, INCLUDING A QWERTY-LIKE KEYPAD.

Winter Blast

Grab these cold-weather toys and prepare for some totally immature fun. Just don't piss your snow pants!

By Ben Goldstein

Beaning people with snowballs, tobogganing down icy chutes, and peeing your name into virgin snow used to be so much fun in the winter. But now that you're an adult with responsibilities, the frigid temperatures and icy windshields just make you long for summer. Well, fuck that! You're never too old to set aside grown-up worries and recapture the idiocy of youth. You just need the hardware to get the job done with style.

Cover the Terrain...

BRENTER SNOWBIKE C4
SNOWBIKE.CA
$1,290
If you feel like tackling the slopes but are just too lazy to stand upright, the Brenter Snowbike might be for you. This lightweight sled-on-speed can hold its own in deep powder against skis and snowboards, and comes with foot-skis to increase stability. Now get out there and shred like a paraplegic Shaun White!

YAMAHA FX NYTRO MTX
YAMAHA-MOTOR.COM
$10,300
The newest, sexiest, and most badass member of Yamaha's Mountain Performance series will have bystanders gaping in awe—then diving out of the way. The Nytro MTX boasts a 130-horsepower Genesis engine, advanced fuel injection, and a terrain-devouring Maverick track. It should be illegal to have this much power between your legs.

Cover the Party Props...

WILD SLING SOLO
FIREBOX.COM
$20
Add some shock-and-awe firepower to your snowball fights with the Wild Sling Solo. Originally intended as a water-balloon launcher, this so-dumb-it's-brilliant elastic contraption also takes snowball ammo—as long as you pack 'em tight. Just step into the stirrups, lie on your back, pull back the sling, ignore the mocking laughter of everyone around you, and unleash a few speeding balls of white death.

PARTY ICE LUGE
AMAZON.COM
$23
A perfect complement to any winter kegger, the Party Ice Luge is a cheap, home-freezer version of those shot-chilling ice sculptures you occasionally see at well-heeled frat parties and alpine-themed bar mitzvahs. Filling the plastic mold with water creates a two-channeled ice luge course ideal for head-to-head drinking competitions. In ice luge there are no losers, only drunks.

PATINA WESTERN FIRE PIT
FIREPITSHOP.COM
$250
Men have an ancient, biological urge to stand around a fire bullshitting with their buddies—and doing it in the dead of winter is even more satisfying. So grab a beer and huddle around the warmth of this cowboy-themed fire pit, which comes with a spark screen, poker, and a grilling insert. Super Bowl barbecue party? Why not?!

Cover Your Dome...

BURTON AUDEX VIBRANT HEADPHONE BEANIE
BURTON.COM
$45
Your halfpipe-riding, snowball-dodging lifestyle means that ordinary earbuds won't stay put for long—and good luck reinserting them with mitten-clad fingers. Burton solves this problem with its Audex line of winter hats, which have deejay-style speakers built in, allowing you to flail around in the snow like a jackass without missing a beat.

OLIE GOALIE MASKS
THEHOCKEYSHOP.COM
$390
Let's face it—your sieve-like goalkeeping doesn't exactly induce terror in your opponents. So up the intimidation factor with a killer goalie mask from Olie Sports, which has blood-splattered, flame-spitting, demon-possessed airbrush designs that make Jason Voorhees look like the biggest pussy on ice. Outside the rink, wear one to answer the door—those Girl Scouts won't bother you about Caramel fucking deLites again.

THIS YAMAHA SLED WILL HAVE BYSTANDERS GAPING IN AWE—THEN DIVING OUT OF THE WAY.

Pet Peeves

It's obligatory gift-giving season again! And unless you feel like enduring a dry spell this December, you'd better buy your girl something good. Pet Renee Diaz explains how to make your woman happy. By Jonathan Ages

DUMPING GROUNDS

"The worst gift you could give to a girl would be a far-fetched sex toy. You should definitely talk to the girl before you buy something like that. Otherwise she'll be like, 'Am I not good in bed?' I had a boyfriend hand me a fucking bag—not even wrapped—just a black freakin' bag you'd get at the porn store. He said, 'Um, I thought we could try some things.' In the bag were anal beads and a butt plug. And I'm like, 'What was going through your fucking mind?!' "

"I HAD A BOYFRIEND HAND ME A FUCKING BAG WITH ANAL BEADS AND A BUTT PLUG. AND I'M LIKE, 'WHAT WAS GOING THROUGH YOUR FUCKING MIND?!' "

BAD SANTA

"Guys don't fucking listen to girls. *Ever.* I dated a guy for four years, and every year I got red roses and a box of chocolates, even though I specifically said I didn't like them. I brushed it off back then, but I should have dumped him. That was the only thing he did wrong every year. Well, he cheated on me, too. But that gift was worse."

THE TIMELINE

"You don't buy a girl gifts until one or two months after you're officially dating. And there's no perfect gift for every girl. In general, it's safest to bring her to an event or do something active with her. Give her a surprise, say, 'Hey, want to go for a hike?' Then finish with a picnic. It's the safe thing to do. And if you're just friendly, don't buy lingerie. It *won't* get you laid."

SNEAK A PEEK

"Lingerie is not necessarily more of a gift for the guy than the girl. Girls like it, too. But you've got to be sneaky to figure out what's going to fit. When she goes to the bathroom, open her drawer and peek at the bra and underwear sizes. And make sure you get a gift receipt in case it doesn't fit."

RING OF FIRE

"Any kind of jewelry is kinda serious. Some gifts are safe two or three months into a relationship: necklaces, bracelets, earrings. But you do not want to buy a girl a ring. That will either scare her off or make her hear wedding bells. It's best to not even go there."

STIR IT UP

"Do not take her out to dinner for Christmas! You'd better cook her that meal. Pay for her to get her nails done while you prepare. Cooking together will ruin the gift—you don't want her to do the work. Kick out your roommates for a couple of hours, too. Tell them that when they return, they should leave you alone, like, 'Go straight to your room. Don't sit outside and listen with a friggin' glass.' "

Scoundrel

Words of wisdom from a 21st-century rogue

Dear Scoundrel,
***A few of my female friends recently tried speed dating. They hated it. They said it's basically a gaggle of desperate women chasing after one or two guys who normally wouldn't get any. Sounds awesome. Should I test it out?*—Bill T., North Carolina**

Sure, speed dating is an hour or so in which human beings can be browsed like secondhand blow-up dolls on eBay. But who cares? Meeting new potential sex partners in rapid succession is a good—albeit tacky—way to sharpen your game while beefing up your social calendar. So throw down the $40—you were just gonna blow it on weed anyway.

Speed dating is a sport, but just like bocce, you don't have to take it seriously. Wear striped pajamas and a fez; these girls are so desperate they'll *still* claw at you like Rush Limbaugh at the pharmacy counter. Use the fast food of social interactions to practice your routine. Eight minutes per girl is more than enough time to show that you're as first-rate as a McDonald's value meal: super-sized and convenient. Make every girl feel sexy, but make sure you maintain the upper hand. At this event, *you* are the prize. And at the end of the eight minutes, don't leave her with an ambiguous response. If you're interested, tell her you want a *real* date. That's one less Friday night at home alone, eating ramen and stoking your bong.

Dear Scoundrel,
***My roommate brings women home at all hours of the night. Good for him, but being woken up by creaking bedsprings at 3 A.M. is disrupting my sleep. How do I intervene?*—Carlos M., Texas**

Boisterous sex can be problematic, particularly when you're not having it. It can endanger the fragile Ming vases you have on the nightstand, or worse, wake up your geriatric neighbor Mrs. Paddington. Try shoving a towel under the door and plugs in your ears, and hope the fire alarm doesn't go off in the night.

But if your roomie is having *real* freaky bedroom get-downs, consider the commercial viability. Invest in an infrared webcam and start a pay-per-view Website, like HairyBackedRoommateSex.com. Then live off your earnings and retire to Loxahatchee, Florida. Your other options are less sexy: Buy a foghorn and outdo them, decibelly speaking; stealthily open his bedroom door and hurl organic fruit and soft-boiled eggs at them; or pull up a chair outside the bedroom, wait till they finish, then start clapping. But I've skipped over the most obvious option: Go to a bar, find a screamer with a tramp stamp, and bring her home to show your roommate how it's *really* done.

Dear Scoundrel,
***I don't waste time surfing the Internet any more than the next cubicle jockey, but I feel like my boss always busts me for checking out sites that are not work related. How can I get my fill of football blogs and celebrity nip-slips without my boss noticing?*—Anthony S., New York**

If you'd only bought an antiglare screen for your monitor, you could have prevented the wrist slaps. But it's a little late now. It'll be an obvious cheap parlor trick to cover up your chronic time-wasting. Instead, practice those minimize shortcuts (control-M on PCs and apple key-M on Macs).

Keep in mind your boss's perspective: Browsing famous areolae is not work—unless you're the lawyer defending Joe Francis. So stop checking out NSFW content—no matter the height of your cubicle walls. All it takes to catch a perp is a browser cache and an IT guy. The Big Brother server is probably monitoring your every online move already, so simply clearing your browser history doesn't make you an armchair Bill Gates. Spit-shine your résumé, son, and find a new job before HR goes Orwellian on you. And remember, every time you make another fantasy-football trade from work, *you* could be the next unrestricted free agent.

GO TO A BAR, FIND A SCREAMER WITH A TRAMP STAMP, AND BRING HER HOME TO SHOW YOUR ROOMMATE HOW IT'S *REALLY* DONE.

SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO SCOUNDREL@PMGI.COM

ILLUSTRATION BY LEE WOODGATE

TAKE A CUE FROM BUSTA RHYMES AND PASS THE COURVOISIER.

Five Ways to Fill Your Flask

There's something about drinking in the great outdoors that turns whiny sissies into genuine badasses—at least for a while. When the temperature drops, there's nothing like a little fire in your flask to help you man up.

By Abigail Aronofsky

MAKER'S MARK ($23)

Bourbon, a corn-based whisky that originated in Kentucky in the 1700s, is officially "America's Native Spirit," according to a 1964 congressional act. That means it's pretty much our patriotic duty to enjoy it. We like bourbons with old-school distillation and a vanilla finish, like Evan Williams and Maker's.

JAMESON IRISH WHISKEY ($28)

The Irish know a thing or two about whiskey; the very word derives from the Gaelic term for "water of life" for Pete's sake. Jameson has been around since 1780—that's 227 winters, math whiz—long enough to prove it'll get us through this one.

CROWN ROYAL CASK NO. 16 ($100)

When the occasion calls for fancy rather than firewater, this blended whisky aged in cognac casks is one of the best. Make fun of our northern neighbors all you want, but now you can add this premium whisky to the list of fine Canadian exports (right between cheap prescription drugs and Rachel McAdams).

COURVOISIER EXCLUSIF ($50)

If you prefer to write your name in the snow with a more refined inebriant, take a cue from Busta Rhymes and pass the Courvoisier. This cognac is chocolatey and tastes more expensive than it is, so bring it out to the hot tub and pour some for your honey(s).

RUSSELL'S RESERVE RYE ($25)

Want to weed out the pussies? A favorite of Humphrey Bogart's, rye whiskey tends to be more peppery and bitter than other blends, so it's not for lightweights. This one comes from the master distiller behind Wild Turkey, so you get the Dirty Bird's smoothness plus a 90-proof kick.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP) IMAGE SOURCE PINK/GETTY

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natural wonder

Twenty-four-year-old Jessica Kramer loves her attention-grabbing 34D-24-34 figure and the sexual confidence she's gained with experience. This free spirit may live by her own rules, but she wants a take-charge man when it really counts.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios

"I think women need to just tell men what they want. I'm never afraid to tell someone how I want to be touched. If we don't tell them, how will they know?"

Jessica

"All it takes to get me in the mood is a guy I'm interested in. And if he takes charge of the situation, I'm putty in his hands. But if he isn't sure if it's okay to kiss me, it's already over."

"I'm a sexual person, so I think it's important to have great sex. Once, I got busy in a helicopter while it was flying! But I don't masturbate. Sex is what guys are for."

"I know pretty quickly if I want to make love to someone. I figure, if I wait to sleep with someone new and it sucks, I'm annoyed that I wasted all that time. So I don't wait."

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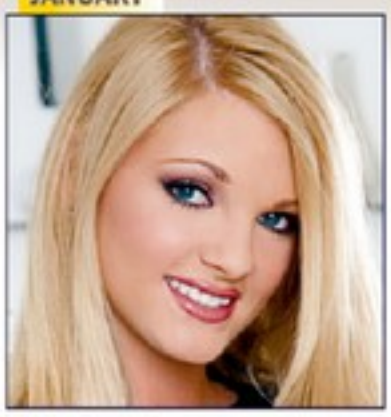
2008 Pet of the Year

JANUARY



Olivia Kent
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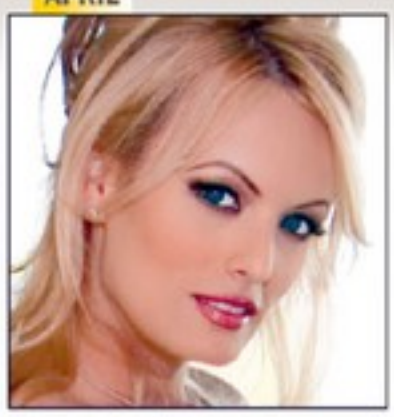
FEBRUARY

Hanna Hilton
KEYWORD: FEB

MARCH

Erica Ellyson
KEYWORD: MAR

APRIL



Stormy Daniels
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MAY

Erica Campbell
KEYWORD: MAY

JUNE

Andie Valentino
KEYWORD: JUN

JULY

Kimberly Williams
KEYWORD: JUL

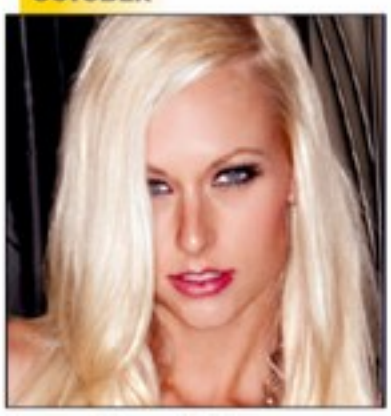
AUGUST

Jana Jordan
KEYWORD: AUG

SEPTEMBER

Justine Joli
KEYWORD: SEP

OCTOBER



Lux Kassidy
KEYWORD: OCT

NOVEMBER

Jaime Hammer
KEYWORD: NOV

DECEMBER

Adrienne Manning
KEYWORD: DEC

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3. Send the text message to 82000
4. Reply YES to get your Pet's wallpaper

EXAMPLE

Send JAN to 82000

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Kellen Winslow Jr.

He had a rocky start in the NFL, but the Cleveland Browns tight end—whose father and namesake was a Hall of Fame tight end—is making up for lost time this season.

By Dave Hollander

After going sixth overall in the 2004 NFL draft, Winslow suffered season-ending injuries in both 2004 and '05. But he got back on track in 2006, making 89 catches for a team that went 4-12. And having averaged a career-high 18.4 yards per catch through the first quarter of this season, he feels like he's just getting started. Winslow leads a crop of young players, injecting some much-needed color into the previously dreary Browns.

The Cavaliers went to the NBA finals. The Indians tied for the best record in baseball. And the Browns are back. Is 2007 the year of Cleveland?
We're turning some heads. I'm sure a lot of people are shocked at what we've done so far. It's about time for the Cleveland Browns organization. We had to turn it around. We lived through so many losing seasons the past few years. I think it's our time.

Cleveland fans love to hate their teams. Can this town handle year-round sports success?
I think so. Ultimately, Cleveland is a football town. Even when you're losing, it's sold out. They have your back and all they care about is beating the Steelers and the Ravens. We could go 2-14 as long as we beat the Steelers and the Ravens. It's a good football town and they're good fans.

What's the craziest thing you've ever seen, heard, or felt in Cleveland Browns Stadium's "Dawg Pound"?
I've heard it's calmed down a lot since I've been here, but it gets weird. I've heard of people smoking weed, drinking—even people having sex in the Dawg Pound back in the day. A bunch of stuff went on.

When you were at the University of Miami, O. J. Simpson visited to offer tips about dealing with the media. What was his advice to you?
I think he just said something like, stay true to yourself because you can't please everybody, and speak clearly. Think about what you're gonna say before you say it. Something like that.

What advice would you give to O.J. today?
[*Laughs*] Just go home. I don't know—sit down. He's gotta sit down somewhere, man. He's trippin'. He needs to sit his ass down.

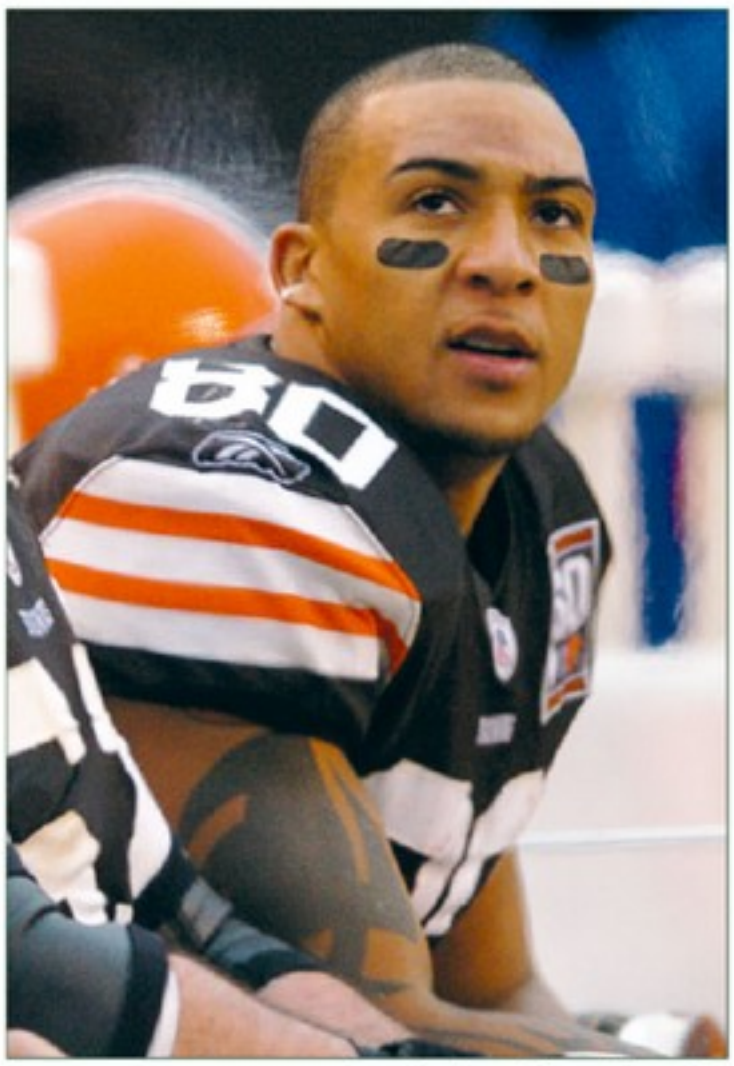
A lot of players say they don't pay attention to the media. Where do you get your sports news?
I really don't read the paper, but I always watch the NFL Network, more than I do ESPN. NFL Network is a lot more positive. ESPN is about 70 percent negative. Athletes especially—we're getting kind of sick of ESPN.

Last year, Miami linebacker Joey Porter called you a "fag" twice during a postgame interview. Everything cool between you two?
I don't know. I really don't care. I just gotta go out and play my game, do my job, make plays. I'm not really worried about him. He said those things, but I'm not going to stoop down to his level. It's not worth my time.

Is that the worst thing you can call somebody in the NFL?
I don't know if that's the worst thing. I've heard worse, but it's a pretty bad one.

Is it wrong to use that word, or wrong to think that calling a man gay is an insult?
Both reasons, really. It's just ignorant.

The Browns have never significantly changed their uniform design. But when your name is the Browns, what can you really do with that?
You know what? We're in the process of changing that. Next year, you're gonna see some new uniforms for the Cleveland Browns. This is really a big part of what Braylon Edwards and I have been talking about for a long time. It may be something similar to what the Broncos have. It's time for a change. Sometimes people live in the past in Cleveland. That's fine, but this team is trying to build an identity and start up something new.



Cavaliers, Indians ... Browns? Winslow is hoping for a postseason trifecta.

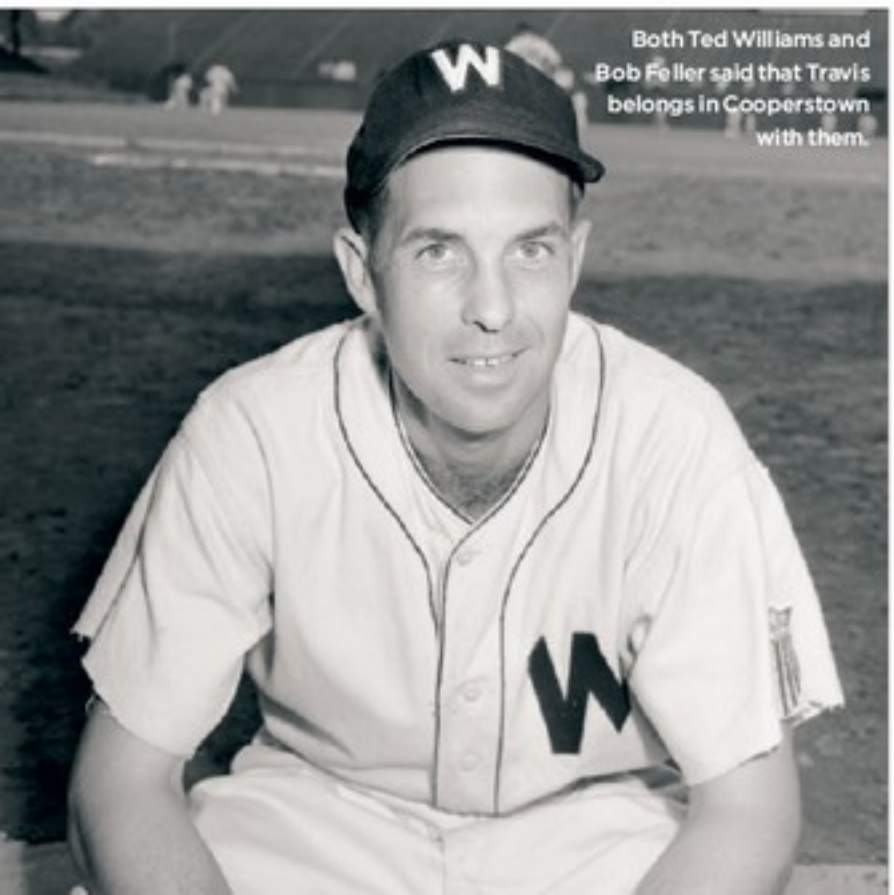
PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE GRAYSON/WIREIMAGE.COM, OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY DIAMOND IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES

"I've heard of people smoking weed, drinking—even people having sex in the Dawg Pound back in the day. A bunch of stuff went on."

Penthouse Hall of Fame

Cecil Travis: The greatest shortstop you've never heard of

The 1941 season casts a monumental shadow over baseball history. That was the year Joe DiMaggio reeled off his record 56-game hitting streak and Ted Williams hit .4-freakin'-06. But guess who led the American League in hits that year? It wasn't either of those icons, but rather an overlooked shortstop with the Washington Senators, Cecil Travis. He belted 218 hits in '41 and batted .359 for the season. He also drove in 101 runs and racked up a .520 slugging percentage, establishing himself as the preeminent shortstop in the game. He was 28 and at the peak of his powers, with a .327 career average. Then Pearl Harbor happened and Travis shipped out to World War II, losing four years of his prime. He earned a Bronze Star and got frostbite at the Battle of the Bulge, and when he returned to the Senators in 1945, he was not the same player. He retired two years later, saying he couldn't regain his timing and that he "wasn't helping the ball club, so I just gave it up." His final numbers: 1,544 hits, 657 RBIs, and a .314 lifetime average. Maybe not digits fit for Cooperstown, but Travis's fellow A.L. shortstop Phil Rizzuto is in the Hall and he hit .273 lifetime, with nearly 100 fewer career ribbies than Travis. Imagine if Travis hadn't lost four years to the war. Or if he'd played for the Yankees.



Both Ted Williams and Bob Feller said that Travis belongs in Cooperstown with them.

Penthouse Top 5 Ballsiest Performances in Sports History

There's a fine line between courageous and crazy. These guys skirted it perfectly.

5

TERRELL OWENS

NUT CHECK: Played in Super Bowl XXXIX six weeks after breaking his leg

FEBRUARY 2005:

Without medical clearance and *with* two screws in his right ankle, T.O. made good on his public promise to return and play in the Big Game. He played well, too, catching nine passes for 122 yards in the Eagles' 24-21 loss to New England. Say what you want about T.O.'s style, but that took cojones.

4

MUHAMMAD ALI

NUT CHECK: Taunted, then whipped, Sonny Liston

FEBRUARY 1964:

Long before Mike Tyson, there was Sonny Liston, the original Baddest Man on the Planet. Liston had been in prison and worked as a debt collector for the mob. He'd knocked out former champ Floyd Patterson in the first round—twice. Most heavyweights wanted no part of his legendary punching power. But Ali visited Liston's *training camp* to taunt the champ, loudly promised that he was going to win the fight, then stopped the Big Bear after six rounds.

3

BOISE STATE

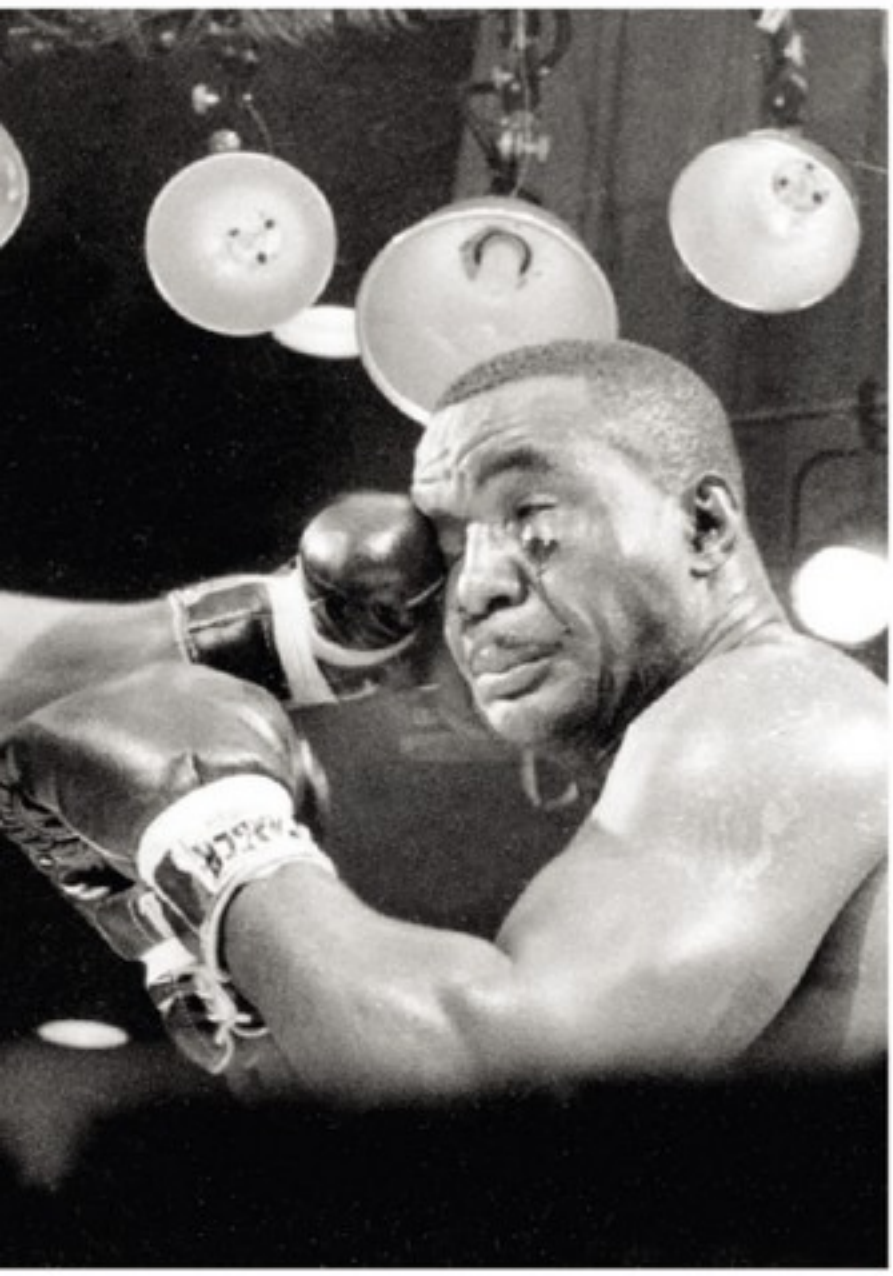
NUT CHECK: Upset Oklahoma in the Fiesta Bowl with a hook-and-lateral and a Statue of Liberty play

JANUARY 2007:

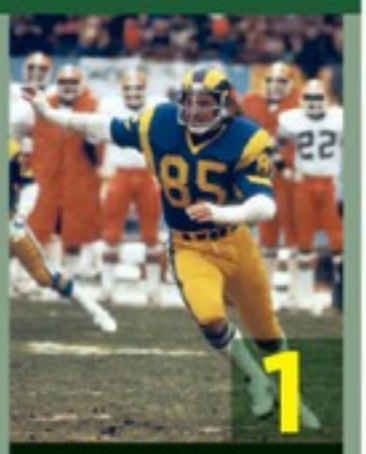
Down by a touchdown with a minute to play (after what seemed like a game-sealing interception), Boise State pulled off a hook-and-lateral play to tie the game, then scored in overtime and, instead of kicking the extra point to tie, went balls out for the win on a two-point conversion. The play they chose with everything on the line? Statue of fucking Liberty. *Cojones de piedra.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP) AP PHOTO, (BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT) AP PHOTO, BRIAN BAHR/GETTY IMAGES, STEVE GRAYSON/WIREIMAGE.COM, RON FREHM/AP PHOTO, TONY TOMSIC/NFL/GETTY

By John Bolster

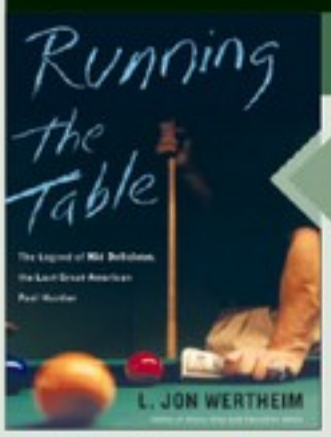


MARK MESSIER
NUT CHECK: Guaranteed, then delivered, Rangers win over the Devils in the Eastern Conference finals
MAY 1994:
For a player of his stature to publicly guarantee a victory with his team facing elimination and then fail—it would punch an unsightly hole in his legend, already set with five Stanley Cups in Edmonton. For him to do it and succeed—as Messier spectacularly did, scoring a hat trick in the third period to almost single-handedly win the game—well, that's why Messier ranks with Babe Ruth, Joe Namath, and Willis Reed as a titan in New York sports history.

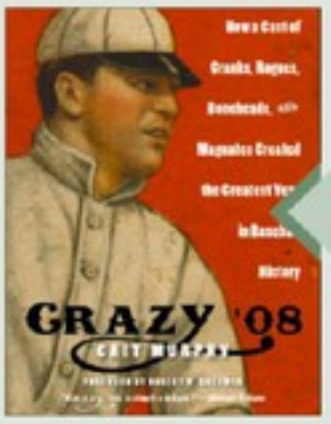


JACK YOUNGBLOOD
NUT CHECK: Made a broken-legged playoff run with the Rams
DECEMBER 1979:
Youngblood broke his leg in the second quarter of a playoff game against Dallas, and not only finished that game (with the leg taped), but also went on to play in the Rams' 9-0 win over Tampa in the NFC title game and their 31-19 loss to Pittsburgh in the Super Bowl. He wasn't about to miss a chance to play in the Super Bowl (the only one of his career). Miraculously, he did no further damage to his leg, and played until 1984.

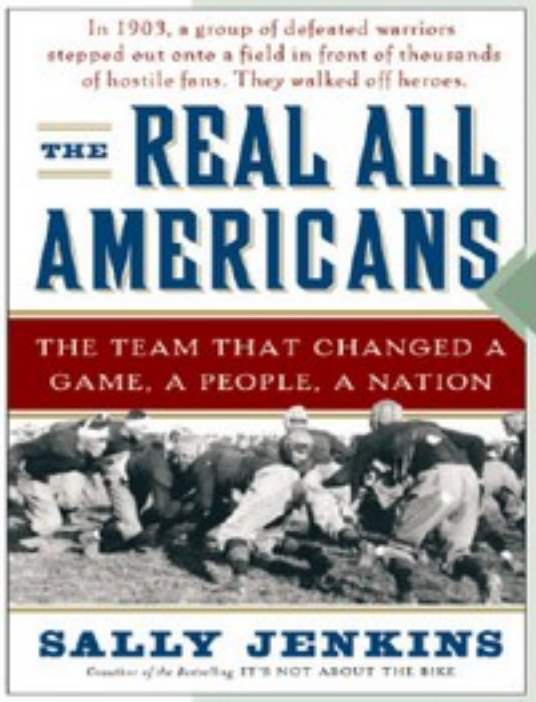
Getting a Good Read
For the sports fan on your holiday gift list



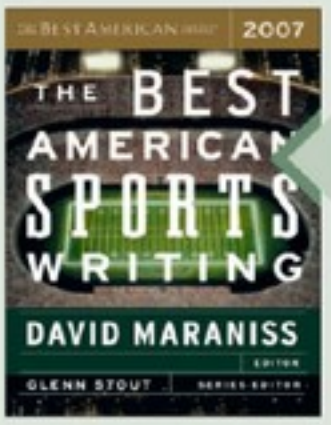
RUNNING THE TABLE
L. JON WERTHEIM
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
There's an old saying that a good pool game is the sign of a gentleman, but a *great* pool game is the sign of a misspent youth. New Jersey pool hustler Danny Basavich, aka Kid Delicious, is a walking, chalking counterexample: He has a spectacular pool game, but an extremely gentle nature to go with it. *Running the Table* is his story, and while it's full of raucous road tales, what really makes it a terrific read is the compelling, complex Basavich, who manages to endear himself to every mark, even as he lightens their wallets.



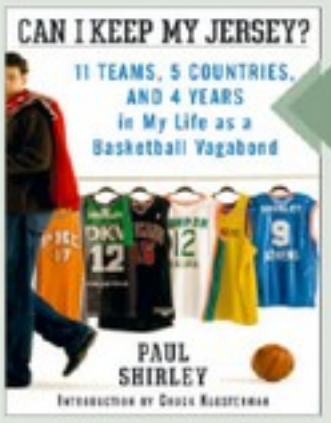
CRAZY '08
CAIT MURPHY
HARPER COLLINS
Merkle's Boner, Tinker to Evers to Chance, a Chicago Cubs dynasty (not a misprint): The 1908 baseball season overflowed with incident, character, drama, and just plain weirdness—and Murphy argues convincingly that it was the best season ever. Six teams were in contention with two days left, Honus Wagner and Christy Mathewson had their best years, Ty Cobb and Cy Young starred. As Murphy writes, "players take the vaudeville stage, knockwurst is sold from wicker baskets, and poetry appears in the sports pages." And in the pages of this vivid history.



THE REAL ALL-AMERICANS
SALLY JENKINS
DOUBLEDAY
Jenkins's ambitious book sheds new light on an overlooked chapter of U.S.—and football—history. The Carlisle Indian Industrial School was a well-intentioned but brutally executed attempt to assimilate Native Americans into U.S. culture by strictly forbidding every aspect of their own: The school's governing principle was "kill the Indian, save the man." Jenkins etches this sorry history and sets the record straight about football's early innovations, giving legendary coach Pop Warner and his wildly successful team of displaced Native Americans the credit they deserve for their revolutionary contributions to the game.



THE BEST AMERICAN SPORTS WRITING 2007
DAVID MARANISS, EDITOR
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
This collection sparkles, from Jeff MacGregor's uproarious account of Don King's Friar's Club roast, to Ian Frazier's richly detailed fish story, "Snook," to Daniel Coyle's portrait of an unhinged Slovenian endurance cyclist. But the standout is the hilarious and absurd "Bugs Bunny, Greatest Banned Player Ever," a rigorous account of Bugs's peak as a physics-defying baseball player.



CAN I KEEP MY JERSEY?
PAUL SHIRLEY
VILLARD
Fans of Shirley's unvarnished musings about life in the NBA for NBA.com and ESPN.com have probably snapped up this roundball recollection already. Hoop heads unaware of Shirley's work will want to grab it, too—it belongs next to Jim Bouton's *Ball Four* and Bill Bradley's *Life on the Run* on the top shelf of jaundiced player memoirs.

Colin McRae, 1968–2007

Final Lap

The racing world lost an icon when rally superstar Colin McRae perished in a helicopter accident this past September. Just weeks before his tragic death, Penthouse *spoke to the 25-time World Rally Champion. Mike Guy looks back on the legend and his life.*

They called Scottish rally-car legend Colin McRae "McCrash" because he was as likely to finish races upside down as right side up. He was a dizzyingly aggressive and electrifying racer in a sport that rewards on-the-edge driving. Some say he was the best, and to be the best rally driver is to be the best competitive driver in the world, period. His raw aggression on the course made him one of the winningest drivers on the planet—his 25 victories on the World Rally Championship circuit rank fourth all-time. He racked up 42 podium finishes and was the face of the sport around the world, starring in the most popular rally-driving videogame series, *Colin McRae Rally,* which sold more than eight million copies.

The irony that he spent an entire career dominating the daring world of WRC—and walking away from numerous wrecks—only to die with his six-year-old son and two friends in a helicopter crash less than half a mile from his home in Lanark, Scotland, is unspeakable. It also makes a grotesque joke of his affectionate nickname. Yet that's what happened on the afternoon of September 15, 2007, when McRae lost control of his four-seat AS350 Squirrel helicopter on his way home from a nearby village. His son Johnny and two friends were aboard. All four were killed instantly. After news of the crash spread through Great Britain, 20,000 people descended on Lanark to pay their respects, tripling the size of the sleepy village. The funeral, held just outside Glasgow, was Scotland's largest in decades.

McRae, an experienced pilot, often flew the Squirrel to rally-car events, where he was invariably met by adoring crowds. He was the Michael Schumacher of rally car—or, if you prefer, the Dale Earnhardt Sr. He'd won a World Rally Championship season title in 1995—the first resident of the U.K. to do so—and he'd been considered a hero there ever since. I met him this past August at the 2007 ESPN X Games in Los Angeles. He was tall, quick with a smile, and courteous. As we walked the sweltering paddocks at the Home Depot Center, he enjoyed his relative anonymity in NASCAR land. Anywhere else in the world, he would have been mobbed by autograph hounds. We retired to the air-conditioned trailer of Team Subaru, and he brought me two bottles of water and a heaping plate of pulled pork. "You must like barbecue, yeah?" he said, in his thick Scottish accent. "All Americans like barbecue." Compared to the long, wild WRC tracks he was used to, the enclosed circuit at the X Games felt to him a bit like an exhibition, but he was game nonetheless, hungry to improve on his silver-medal performance at the 2006 games.

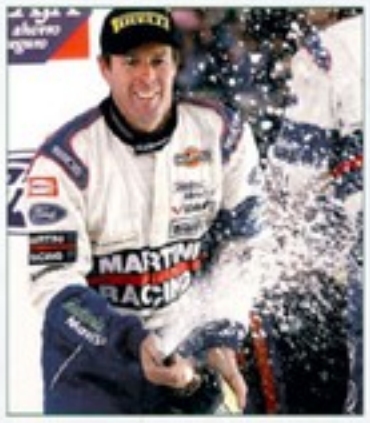
McRae was bred to go fast. His father, Jimmy McRae, won five British Rally Championships (Colin won two). His younger brother Alister also races. "My dad didn't push me into racing," McRae told me. "But I don't think I was ever really interested in anything else."

He started racing go-karts as a wee lad in Lanark, and competed in his first national race in 1986, when he was just 17. McRae had still hands and a preternatural calm, and though his style may have looked breakneck to the unstudied eye, he had extraordinary command over his vehicle. "As a driver, Colin was slightly misunderstood as being reckless," says his friend Jonathan Hart, a Scottish journalist. "But everything you saw with him came from pure, raw talent."

"Tomorrow's my birthday," McRae told me at the Home Depot Center. He was turning 39. "So I'm going to focus on winning here, and then maybe start thinking about the next stage." He was considering buying a race team and moving into the ownership phase of his career, but he would continue to be an ambassador for the sport in the U.S.; his X Games appearances and videogame endorsements were a huge part of that. As it happened, he spun out on the final turn, and though he was disappointed, he looked immediately to the future. "It just means I have to come back next year and do it all over again."

Tragically, we won't get to see him try.

McRae was a dizzyingly aggressive and electrifying racer in a sport that rewards on-the-edge driving. He was the face of rally car around the world.



McRae's 25 victories in the WRC place him fourth all-time in career wins. He made the podium 42 times in his 20 years on the circuit.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAZIA NERI/ALLSPORT/GETTY AND (INSET) FABIAN GREDILLAS/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

the sex pixels

In 1982, an Atari 2600 game called Beat 'Em & Eat 'Em *featured a masturbating male on a downtown rooftop, with ravenous, pixelated women waiting open-mouthed in the street below. Twenty-five years later, we're still waiting for the sexual revolution in gaming. Heather Chaplin discovers that if America can be more like Norway, Germany, and Japan, that day may soon be here.*

Illustration by Greg Horn

Although its life span was short, *Boong-Ga Boong-Ga* wasn't a videogame you soon forgot. It was an arcade game featuring *kancho*, after all, which is Japanese slang for anal probing. The game's controller was shaped like a big fist with one finger stuck up in the air, and the goal was to shove that finger up the ass of the people who "make your life miserable." Sexual proclivities aside, *Boong-Ga Boong-Ga* seemed to perfectly marry videogame technology and libidinous perversion.

Not long ago, it would've been easy to imagine retailer shelves bulging with *Boong-Ga Boong-Ga* spin-offs. By all rights, sex and games should be a match made in virtual heaven. You'd think that hooking up the two leisure pursuits would be an interactive medium just waiting to be exploited. America is among the biggest consumers of porn worldwide—spending as much as $13 billion annually on pornographic merchandise—and the industry continues to explode online. So why don't we have more sex in our video games? Where is the *Halo* of ferocious fornication? Will there ever be an EA After Dark?

Twenty years ago, it appeared that America might catch on and we'd all be swinging in virtual sex clubs, neck-deep in possible partners, joysticks in hand. Back then, videogames were still a Wild West frontier of renegade programmers and self-made publishers, some of whom attempted to make sexually active videogames. In the early eighties, *Softporn Adventure* from Sierra Entertainment featured a cover shot of a Macintosh and three naked women in a hot tub being served champagne. And for the Atari 2600, there was the graphic and bizarre *Custer's Revenge* and *Beat 'Em & Eat 'Em* (see sidebar). Granted, both of those are still considered among the worst games ever made, but at least they were a start—or so it seemed. But today, when it comes to turning out racy new titles, the U.S. lags behind pixel pushers in Germany and Norway and, not surprisingly, even farther behind Japan. This winter, an Oslo-based company is due to release the most explicit mainstream massively multiplayer game ever with its hot-blooded take on the Conan the Barbarian saga, *Age of Conan*.

In many ways, American developers are still struggling against a two-decade-old crackdown on sex games. After the Entertainment Software Rating Board was established in the early nineties, Wal-Mart and Best Buy, among others, refused to carry adult titles. Console companies developed proprietary chips, making it impossible for games to be created without their approval. In 1996, the Interactive Entertainment Merchants Association, which includes all the major retail chains, refused to carry unrated games and products that had been given an Adult Only rating by the ESRB. But in the past few years, a handful of dirty-minded software slingers are once again happily dipping a toe into the potentially vast pool of porno gaming.

Initially, the adult-entertainment industry was excited about interactive pornography. The math, however, quickly soured the idea for all but the most ambitious producers. The average cost of a porn film is about $10,000, with the most expensive topping out at around $250,000. A videogame, on the other hand, costs a minimum of $3 million to $5 million to produce. Add this to the limited and tightly controlled distribution channels for both products and you start to see the problem.

Still, some Internet entrepreneurs are undaunted. Though

GregHorn
SONY
SELECT
START

most hard-core players are less than thrilled by them, the Flash games found on such Websites as SexyFuckGames.com, WetPussyGames.com, and Adult-Games-Zone.com at least attempt to arouse. But these efforts offer almost no game play, and when they do, you'll wish they didn't. In this realm, a typical scene has you bending a schoolgirl over, then scrolling the mouse to thrust your penis in and out of her backside as animated juice dribbles down her legs and her face flushes red. An orgasm is represented by a bar filling up from left to right at the top of the screen. Virtual postcoital cigarettes are hardly needed.

The online Flash games that try to do more can be maddeningly frustrating. In *SimGirlDNA* on FuckGames.com, you have 100 days (a minute in game time) to build up enough experience points to get the girl. You complete small tasks to inflate your bank account, charm, and physical strength until you can buy her enough presents that she'll agree to date you. So enlightened! Then you have to remember all the little things she told you (her favorite band, where her father works, her phone number) to get farther than a dinner date. By the time the meal is over, you'll be ready to hit the hay—alone. In *Don't Wake Her,* you attempt to have sex with your sleeping girlfriend, but it's almost impossible to remove her covers without her eyes popping open and her asking just what you think you're doing. The answer, sadly, is not much. And in *Naughty Doctor,* it can take an hour of mouse work to try to separate your squirming patient's legs and get more than an uninspired "*ah*" out of her.

Other would-be sex-game moguls have done better. Three years ago, Brad Abram was working for a run-of-the-mill technology company in Vancouver. One of the tools he sold was a game engine—the software that powers the action. Wanting to break out on his own, Abram started thinking about what else that engine could do. Today, Abram is chief executive of Stream 3D Multimedia, Inc., the creators of *Virtually Jenna, Sex Villa,* and *3D Gay Villa*—three downloadable sex games based on that initial game engine (which was originally meant to be a flight simulator).

Virtually Jenna (yes, *that* Jenna) allows users to play with the porn queen and a bevy of "friends" as if she were a movable fuck doll. In story mode, Jenna pisses off an eighteenth-century duchess by crashing her party and has to placate the lady of the manor by dropping to her knees and fellating the nearest partygoer. Other scenarios: Jenna gets horny in the office; Jenna causes trouble on a pirate ship and must be punished. Those with time constraints can simply choose a location and get right to work. There are "anal bunnies" and dildos to insert, free floating fingers for her to suck, and whips and paddles. The game also has an extensive customization section where you can choose breast and nipple size, eye color, eyebrow shape, and hairstyle. It also has a new feature of which Abram is particularly proud: "pimp the pussy," which lets you customize the size, shape, and color of Jenna's vaginal lips.

The reason *gamers* don't go for this title is that there's not much to do once you customize Jenna and her friends and pick your position. You click on a series of icons to choose missionary position, sixty-nine, or doggie-style—then Jenna and her partner go at it. There's no actual manipulating of the figures within the confines of the chosen positions. There's also no winning or losing per se, although you can collect dollars for bringing your characters to orgasm, which you then spend on gear

RED LIGHT CENTER
The most successful MMO now has more active users than *Second Life*. In *RLC* you can smoke virtual pot, pound virtual booze, and engage in sex acts that are still banned in certain states.

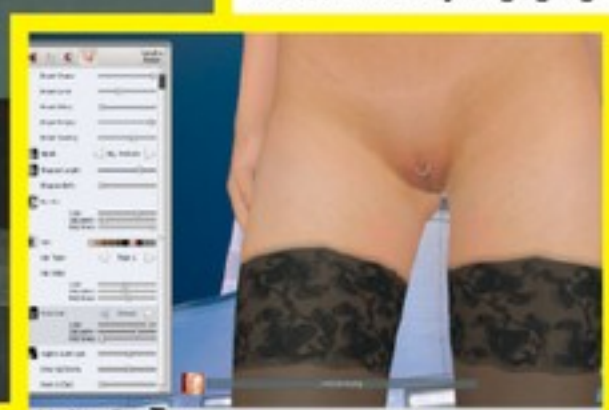
Game Over
Early '80s gaming action was wild and weird.

The year 1982 wasn't just about *Tootsie,* Reaganomics, and Christie Brinkley's bikini line. The videogame industry was largely unregulated back then, and some developers did their best to introduce kinky sex to gaming nerds everywhere. Unfortunately, the best they could do was a slew of poorly produced, freaky titles.

BEAT 'EM & EAT 'EM
Stand atop a tall building and jack off into the mouths of two naked women scurrying on the street below. Instructions explained that this would ensure that no "famous doctors or lawyers" went unborn because of wasted sperm.

CUSTER'S REVENGE
Widely considered to be one of the worst videogames ever made, this retelling of history has General George Armstrong Custer stalking across the screen with an enormous erection, raping Indian women tied to pixelated cacti.

GIGOLO
Ho now! Earn money by soliciting sex door to door. One of the earliest games with a female protagonist, and a good argument for why graphics



like French maid or S&M outfits for Jenna and her crew.

The truth is, virtual boot knocking, just like in the real world, offers the kind of sex you want; it's just a matter of finding the community engaging in it. The most exciting sex action happening in American games can be found in massively multiplayer online worlds. Mainstream MMOs, such as *World of Warcraft*, or even single-player virtual-world-like games, such as *The Sims 2*, have entire communities built around participant-created pornographic game play. There are Websites dedicated to nude "skins"—player-made modifications of games. With these skins, you can turn your leather-jerkin-clad elf into a nude elf, or your happily married Sim into a chronically masturbating secret S&M fan. *Second Life* has a flourishing sex industry, and you don't even need to find skins if you want to trot around flapping in the pixelated breeze. Since everything is created by players, things like sex clubs and dildo-enhanced chairs proliferate.

The most successful MMO designed specifically for sexually explicit purposes is *Red Light Center*. This past September, with virtually zero press coverage, *Red Light Center* surpassed *Second Life* in terms of active users, with an astounding 600,000 members. In *Red Light Center*, players can smoke virtual pot, drink virtual booze, and engage in sex acts that are still illegal in some states. Should you choose to, you can shed your clothes and morph into a masked, whip-wielding dominatrix, beat a naked character until she collapses in a heap, then fuck her lights out. (There's also a European version called *Sin City* that's built on the same engine and operated out of Germany.)

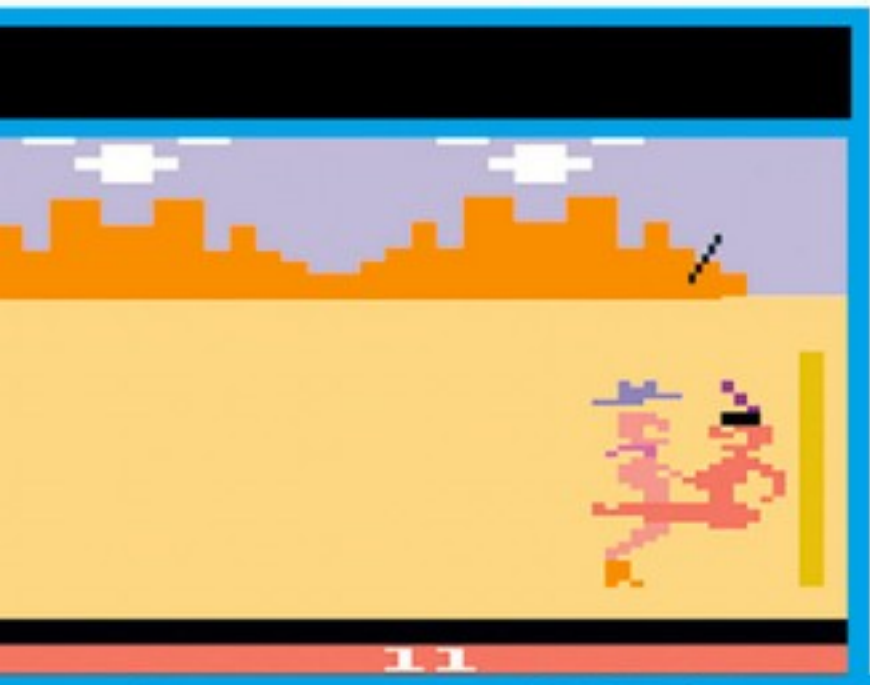
> With virtual boot knocking—just like in the real world—the kind of sex you want is out there; it's just a matter of finding the community engaging in it.

The game's creator, Brian Shuster, points out that *RLC* is not just about quickies. Rather, he says, it's about human interaction and connection. Game etiquette, just like real-life etiquette, considers it bad form to greet someone with "Want to fuck?"

"The new users come in and try that and other members say, 'We don't do that here,'" Shuster notes. "They tell them, 'If you just want to get laid, go to the bordello or hire a professional [the game has working girls], or go learn some manners and learn how to connect with people.' It's possible to run around the streets naked, but you'd be a pariah. Don't get me wrong. We have sex in the game, and the sex is wonderful, and for a couple of dollars your avatar can have sex for an hour in an alley—but the much larger picture is that people use this place to socialize, to connect. And when you connect, the normal outgrowth of that is, you want to express yourself sexually."

Red Light Center is an open world of dance clubs, underwater parks, bordellos, and fetish zones in which you build an avatar and roam around engaging with other avatars. And Shuster is right—if you're looking for an easy lay and you don't want to employ a call girl, getting screwed can be as difficult and complicated as it is in the real world. (On the other hand, approach a call girl and mention your taste, and, faster than you can unbutton your trousers, she'll be stripped and performing acts for which words don't yet exist. And you won't get busted.)

Red Light Center cost Shuster more than $10 million to



matter—is that a watermelon strapped to that john?

BACHELOR PARTY

Remember *Breakout*? Same game, except this time the "ball" is your penis and the "bricks" are naked ladies. Use a paddle controller to smash into the nudes. Notice the pre-collision erection and the post-collision droop.

BURNING DESIRE

Naked women are being burned at the stake by cannibals. You must swoop down from the sky, put out the fire with your member, then lift her to safety. She hangs on your dick with her mouth, and the reward is unrushed sixty-nine.

develop—money he made from an Internet porn site called Xpix in the mid-1990s. The main reason it cost so much to make is that creating realistic-looking virtual sex is not easy. In modern videogames, human motion is created through very expensive advanced motion-capture systems. The technology has progressed to the point where a single body movement can be captured fairly accurately and fluidly. But when there's more than one body involved, things get tricky.

In motion capture, real-life actors wear full bodysuits covered with reflectors that act as points of reference for computerized 3-D modeling. When two people are banging around in these suits, they block each other's reflectors, sending the confused computer into a tailspin, which leads to blanks in the animation and causes limbs to float freely or move directly through other objects. Shuster, who hired a group of professional porn actors to capture the sexual acts he wanted for *Red Light Center,* found himself bumping up against this problem again and again.

"We've spent millions doing motion capture and creating new software to get the sex right in this game," he says. "The faces, the bodies, the genitals—obviously we spent a lot of time on the genitals. To deliver highly realistic avatar sex requires an enormous investment and has no real known outcome. And the game companies, you know, they're not that motivated to set up motion-caption rigs to capture porn stars fucking. That takes a lot of dedication."

The dedication shows—*RLC*'s avatars move with a fluidity that's remarkable by modern game standards. Shuster's priorities are clear: While the slaying of a three-headed monster may be rendered with awesome realism in *World of Warcraft,* the swaying hips of a female avatar in *Red Light Center*—even the subtle movements of her shoulders or the way she tosses her hair—are sensually realistic, almost better than the real thing.

Brad Abram of *Virtually Jenna* had similar challenges to overcome. "Come on," he says. "Who's ever gone in there and modeled a pussy?" Despite this level of commitment—yes, Abram and his team looked at plenty of real anatomy to model Jenna's muff—for three years running, *Virtually Jenna* has been denied access to the mother of all American videogame trade shows, the Electronics Entertainment Expo, known as E3.

VIRTUALLY JENNA
You choose Jenna Jameson's eye color, eyebrow shape, hairstyle, and breast and nipple size. You can even "pimp the pussy." But player controls end after you pick her sexual position.

While the U.S produces only a handful of sex-based games, roughly 75 percent of all videogames sold in Japan are what the rest of the world calls *hentai* games—or, alternately, *dating sims;* ero-games; *ren'ai* (romance) games; and *bishojo* (pretty girls) games. (Note: Since *hentai* is the Japanese word for pervert, don't use the term while kink shopping in Japan; it's considered an insult.) Not surprisingly for a nation famous for its love of fetishes, there are more subgenres within the Japanese porn game industry than in all other countries combined. Whereas no major retailer in America would carry *Grand Theft Auto* after the hot-coffee hooker-humping scandal, Japanese consumer-electronics retailers like LaOX devote entire floors to *hentai* (okay, it's the basement, but still). Neighborhoods like Akihabara, the world's consumer-electronics mecca, are filled with posters advertising the games, and really successful *hentai* action often gets cleaned up and turned into mainstream movies, TV shows, and comic books. About 50 *hentai* titles are made every month; a hit can sell millions of copies.

The typical *hentai* game involves a male protagonist, rarely seen, who acts as narrator. Sometimes just the tip of his penis is shown, and sometimes he has no package at all (known as "invisible penis syndrome"). Usually, he has a harem of young girls whose "love" he must win. The stories are intricate, filled with

In Japanese *hentai* games, tears flow freely, as do other bodily fluids. Visually, it's all big eyes and long legs and lots and lots of school uniforms.

backstory, multiple characters, and issues of life and death—tears flow freely, as do other bodily fluids. Visually, it's all big eyes and long legs, tittering girls, and lots and lots of school uniforms.

Hentai is narrative-driven, with stories told through anime stills. And there is a story for almost anyone. There are "molester simulations" that take place on crowded subway cars (this is the country, after all, where they run special women-only subway cars during rush hour because unwanted real-life fondling is such a problem). There's also *yaoi,* which is boy-on-boy action, and is particularly popular among young women; "pinnacle," which involves tentacled monsters doing terrible things to their victims; a sex-crime series called *Battlerape;* and an entire genre dedicated to stalking *before* committing a sex crime. Ying-yang is when gender gets mixed up—an experiment goes wrong in science class, the protagonist turns female, his girlfriend breaks up with him, but all the guys in school thinks he's really hot. Got that? *Funtari* is a sub-category of ying-yang and translates loosely into *dick-girl*. It's about young women who, for some reason, have enormous schlongs.

"*Virtually Jenna* is like walking into your bedroom and there's a guy lying on your bed naked with a hard-on," says Brenda Brathwaite, author of *Sex in Video Games*. "The *hentai* games are all about role-playing and delayed gratification."

Delayed gratification—a meaningful phrase when it comes to sex and the gamers who want it. Even Hal Halpin, who helped broker the deal between the merchants' association and the ratings board in 1996, is now advocating for retailers to reconsider that resolution, and thus acknowledge the maturing gaming crowd.

Norway's Funcom is following that development closely. The 15-year-old company that made the critically praised science-fiction adventure game *The Longest Journey* has *Age of Conan* due out in March; it's an MMO based on the same barbarian's tale that brought Arnold Schwarzenegger to the masses. "Hyboria is a brutal world," Funcom's Jorgen Tharalsden boasted about Conan's universe at last summer's E3. "It's savage and it's sexy. This is a mature game."

Conan has some serious screwing in it, and Funcom is toying with the idea of using sex as a way to strengthen characters. But the threat of an Adults Only rating, and a torrent of angry letters from both Christian groups and gamers who say their wives won't let them engage in hard-core action, leaves Tharalsden unsure how it will all play out. And Tharalsden is equally terrified of the German ratings board, Unterhaltungssoftware Selbstkontrolle, which is known for being as strict about violent content as the U.S. is about sex.

In a preemptive strike in the fight, Funcom is developing a technology to adjust the MMO, country by country, depending on the rating they get from the seven censorship boards around the world—a wild new idea in the world of MMOs. Five years and many millions of dollars of *Conan* work later, the controversy has rendered Tharalsden nonplussed in the run up to debuting the game. "I come from a culture where sex isn't such a taboo," the Norwegian says. "So really, I don't get what all the fuss is about. The average age of an MMO player is 27 now—if they don't know about sex at this point, well, I feel bad for them. They're missing out."

Heather Chaplin has written for the *New York Times, GQ,* and *Details,* and does commentary on videogame culture for NPR. She is the coauthor of the videogame history *Smartbomb*.

Joystuck

Why American games have been strangely sexless.

For evidence of America's puritanical roots, look no further than the Entertainment Software Rating Board. The ESRB rates videogames on a scale from Early Childhood to Adult Only.

"All ratings are inherently reflective of the tastes and values of the public they serve," says ESRB president Pat Vance. "Our public tends to have a greater sensitivity to depictions of sex and language than to violence."

Games with sexually explicit scenes, like 2005's *Fahrenheit* from French developer Quantic Dream, must be edited to escape the dreaded AO rating in the U.S. Since 1996, the Interactive Entertainment Merchants Association, which counts every major retail chain as a member, has refused to carry either unrated games or products that have an AO rating, so a game slapped with those scarlet letters will likely fail to find financial footing (bedding?) in the American market.

In the Crosshairs

Snipers are vital to battlefield victory. Why did two of them become targets of our own military establishment?
By Matthew Currier Burden

The sniper must be able to calmly and deliberately kill targets that may not pose an immediate threat to him.—U.S. Army Field Manual 23-10, Sniper Training Introduction

Seven members of Special Forces Operational Detachment Alpha 374 moved across unfriendly terrain in Afghanistan, near the Pakistan border, on October 13, 2006. Their mission: to capture or kill Nawab Buntangyar, an Afghan linked to suicide and roadside bombings and one of the top targets on the coalition forces' "kill-or-capture list." Once the snipers had positive identification of Buntangyar (required as part of the classified rules of engagement), the team radioed for permission to shoot. Master Sergeant Troy Anderson, the team's senior sergeant, had Buntangyar in his sights. The detachment commander, Captain Dave Staffel, who was in a vehicle a few hundred yards away, radioed back to the team and gave the order to take the shot.

Anderson held his breath and slowly squeezed the trigger. Nawab Buntangyar was killed instantly.

"One shot, one kill" is the famous motto of American military snipers. Those words and the determination to back them up have long terrified armies who face us in battle. To continue to attract the highest-quality soldiers, the military establishment glamorizes snipers, knowing that no matter how high-tech the battlefield becomes, a good sharpshooter is probably the best weapon to maximize damage with minimal cost.

Instead of sending 300 soldiers to capture or kill a targeted individual like Buntangyar, a small team can do the same job more safely, cheaply, and effectively, using only one or two bullets. Without snipers, fighter jets and attack helicopters might have had to drop huge amounts of explosive ordnance, which is more dangerous for our troops and for civilians.

Snipers are cost-effective in battle, but expensive to train. To earn the sniper's B4 designator, a GI has to attend the official U.S. Army Sniper School at Fort Benning, Georgia, or the Army National Guard Sniper School at Camp Robinson, Arkansas. It's a grueling five-week course—to graduate, students (many of whom are Special Forces or Rangers) have to hit 90 percent of their shot targets at 600 meters during the day and meet night-range qualifications.

What award or commendation do you think Anderson and Staffel received for flawlessly and safely removing a terror master from the battlefields of Afghanistan? How did our government thank them for risking their lives to get close enough to kill Buntangyar without dropping a bomb and killing other people?

Both soldiers were charged with premeditated murder. Even after an investigation by the Army's Criminal Investigation Division exonerated the men, Lieutenant General Francis Kearney, the U.S. Special Operations Command deputy commander, insisted on filing the murder charges. What was Kearney's motivation?

Bill O'Reilly, one of the few media figures who covered the case, wrote that the Afghan government "usually plays to its fundamentalist Muslim base in any controversy, demanding investigations into the conduct of Western forces for show. It's all about public relations." Whatever the reason, our men were not only following the rules of engagement (which we wrote about in October's "Warrior Wire" column), but also obeying orders they received from higher headquarters. Yet this still did not prevent military leadership from pursuing them with all their legal might.

Finally, in September 2007, the charges were dropped once and for all. The soldier who signed the charges against Staffel and Anderson on behalf of General Kearney said he would not have proceeded with the case if he had known that the snipers had already been investigated and exonerated. And, as the *New York*

The fact that our men were not only following the rules of engagement, but also obeying orders sent down from higher headquarters, did not prevent military leadership from pursuing them with all their legal might.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPECIALIST MATTHEW LEARY/TASK FORCE FURY PAO

Snipers with the 4th Squadron, 73rd Cavalry Regiment, training at Forward Operating Base, Salerno, Afghanistan. (These soldiers have no connection to the snipers discussed in this article.)

Times reported, "Colonel Kevin A. Christie, the presiding officer [of the hearing into whether there was enough evidence to bring the men to court-martial], seemed pressed to figure out why a military lawyer pursued murder charges."

When *Penthouse* asked directly for General Kearney's response, the Special Operations Command Public Affairs Office gave us this statement on his behalf: "The Article 32 investigation accomplished my intent. An experienced Special Forces officer provided an independent and thorough review of the facts in this case. The Article 32 investigation resolved the conflicting findings of the two previous investigations and the results demonstrate the effectiveness of the military justice system."

However, there was really only *one* "previous investigation"—carried out by the Criminal Investigation Command. And that investigation cleared Staffel and Anderson of any wrongdoing.

The good news is that Anderson and Staffel have their reputations restored; the bad news is that they were forced to spend a lot of money in the process. They also spent most of the year defending themselves, instead of taking the fight to the Taliban and Al Qaeda.

More important, this injustice has almost certainly impacted the morale of our men and women who've put their lives on the line for America—and made our snipers rethink every shot.

A retired Special Forces colonel wrote to me, "This is so fucked up! It doesn't make sense. Why put Nawab Buntangyar on the 'kill-or-capture list' if you don't want him killed or captured?!"

"This all boils down to the same problem," writes a Special Forces sergeant, "that SF has faced since its inception: a [military leadership resentful of the] independent nature of an SF team and completely ignorant of the capabilities of an A-team."

And a Special Forces master sergeant writes, "Snipers aren't embarrassing the U.S. Army. The general officer corps is. They are the ones running for cover."

Have our snipers become targets of our own timid leadership? When senior officers far from the battle decide to Monday-morning quarterback, it creates a serious impediment to winning the fight. As Mark Waple, Staffels's defense lawyer, said, "We cannot expect [special operations] to take two days to deliberate about using lethal force when dealing with positively identified, dangerous enemy combatants."

There is one message I've received loud and clear from many soldiers in the field: We will never achieve victory in this damned war until our military leaders do what the American people are paying them for—to fight and destroy the enemy, once and for all, political correctness and career aspirations be damned.

To learn how you can support our military snipers, visit American Snipers (a non-profit 501c3 organization) at AmericanSnipers.org.

The author's book, *The Blog of War: Front-Line Dispatches From Soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan,* was published by Simon & Schuster. He blogs at Blackfive.net.

Game Plan

the 30 day experiment

His friends thought he had lost his mind. Who would voluntarily go without sex for a month, even if celibacy resulted in an explosion of creative energy? But the best-selling author of The Game, a man who's billed as "the world's greatest pickup artist," couldn't resist the challenge.

By Neil Strauss

Illustrations by Noma Bar

THE FIRST DAY

"Your balls are going to be in your throat and you'll be screaming in pain," she says. "No," I tell her. "I can do it."

"Sure you don't want to wait a few more days?"

"I'll be fine. Now take off your pants."

Gina steps out of her pants and I lay her down on the couch. I want to make sure she's as close to orgasm as possible to make this easy on myself.

"No tricks, now," I warn, as I enter her. "If I say stop, you have to stop."

She comes in slow, shuddering waves. Immediately afterward, she flails from side to side, as if the physical sensation is too much to take and she needs to crawl out of her skin until it subsides.

"I want to go surfing." These are the first words she says when she comes back to the present. She has not wanted to surf in two years, ever since her best friend died in the water. She looks like she's just seen the face of God.

I'm afraid it's the best sex she's ever had with me.

And it's all because I'm doing the 30-Day Experiment.

THE SECOND DAY

I'm talking to Kimberly on the phone. I'd messaged her on MySpace two weeks earlier. With her black bangs and large, innocent eyes, she reminded me of a Mark Ryden painting. She lives across the country in New York, but we've been talking nightly. She is easy to speak with, and the more I learn about her, the more I like her. Lately, I've been wondering if she feels the same way about me. Tonight, I find out. After we hang up, she texts, "I'm rubbing my skin raw thinking about us. I hope you don't mind me admitting that to you."

I tell her that I don't mind and, six texts later, I know her favorite position, speed, and motion. "My hips are moving so quick and high to meet my hand," she texts. "I want to swallow you while I do it. Is that too much?"

Blood rushes to my pelvis. I feel like I'm going to pass out.

THE THIRD DAY

My friends think I've lost my mind. "Why put yourself through it?" they ask.

"Why does a man climb a mountain or walk on hot coals or read *Finnegans Wake*?" I answer.

I am doing it, first and foremost, to see if I can.

Rivers Cuomo, the singer in Weezer, first planted the idea in my head. He was explaining that he'd recently taken a vow of celibacy as part of a Buddhist meditation program. This meant abstaining from not just sex but also masturbation. As a result, he said, he'd never felt more energized, creative, or focused in his life.

At the time, I interpreted it less as advice than as further confirmation of his peculiarities. But a few weeks later, Billy Corgan of the Smashing Pumpkins told me that he doesn't let his band have sex or orgasm on the day of a concert, so they can release all that power onstage.

Then, at dinner last week, I broached the topic, and a director at the table said that after he'd sworn off orgasms he'd done the best work of his career.

As one of my editors used to tell me, it takes three to make an argument. So these three people, all far more successful than I am—combined with lingering adolescent self-flagellation guilt—inspired the 30-Day Experiment: no ejaculation for a month.

And today has been torture. Women I'm either sleeping with or want to sleep with have been calling nonstop. Then, worst of all, Kimberly decides to graduate from text sex to phone sex.

While we're talking about the Russian director Timur Bekmambetov, she starts breathing heavily into the phone.

"What are you doing right now?" I ask.

"I'm rubbing the outside of my panties." Her voice alone—candied, coy, and playful—turns me on. From the moment she said "Hi," I was as hard as a crowbar—it doesn't take much these days. Now the pressure is too much to bear.

Rather than talking dirty to me, she just moans into the phone as she touches herself. This is actually much hotter than ordinary phone sex because it seems more like we're actually doing it instead of just discussing it.

I bring myself dangerously close to the brink, then stop and take deep, calming breaths. I begin again as she moans louder and louder, breathes faster and faster. I want her so badly. It feels as if there's a cord of sexual energy shooting from my body all the way to her in New York. I've never experienced anything like this during phone sex, probably because in the past I was too busy working toward my own orgasm.

After a few cycles of pleasure and denial, something else I've never experienced starts happening: My inner thighs and stomach—just above and below the crotch—begin tingling intensely. They feel simultaneously hot and cold, like they're covered with those icy-heat packs people use for pain relief.

"Did you come?" Kimberly asks after recovering from her orgasm.

"I can't."

"What do you mean?" She sounds concerned.

I hesitate for a moment, then decide to risk explaining the 30-Day Experiment.

"I want you to come," she pleads. "It makes me feel inadequate, like I wasn't good enough."

She hangs up, dejected. I've tampered with the natural order of things. Women are so conditioned to expect a guy to come that when he doesn't, especially if she has an orgasm, they tend to feel like the sex was incomplete.

I haven't even met this girl yet, and I'm already destroying her self-esteem.

She just moans into the phone as she touches herself. This is actually much hotter than ordinary phone sex because it seems more like we're actually doing it instead of just discussing it.

THE FOURTH DAY

Sex with Crystal isn't easy. I make her stop when she's on the brink of orgasm because I'm right there, too. She is not happy with this.

"Don't you enjoy orgasms?" she asks.

"I love to orgasm," I answer. "It's like nature's own heroin. That's why I want to see if I can kick it."

Of course, the Experiment would be much easier without all the sex, but by learning to enjoy the journey more than the destination, I'm becoming much better in bed. At least, I think I am.

"You suck." Crystal punches me playfully in the chest and dismounts. "I didn't get to finish."

"Maybe you're too orgasm-dependent," I tell her.

Crystal is a six-foot-tall psychology student who used to pressure me to be her boyfriend. When I told her I didn't feel as strongly about her, she stopped sleeping with me for her own emotional health.

A month later, she changed her mind. "I decided you're too good not to share," she explained. The next week, I introduced her to Susanna and she had her first threesome. Since then, she's been willing to try anything once.

"I want to hear more about the orgasm thing and understand what you're trying to achieve," she says as I run to the refrigerator for water, enjoying yet another benefit of the 30-Day Experiment: no more rolling over and going to sleep. Sex now energizes rather than depletes.

I explain the rationale behind the Experiment to Crystal. She considers it for a moment, then asks, "Can women do this?"

THE FIFTH DAY

Kimberly has taken the place of masturbation in my life. I let her know that I have to speak at a seminar in New York in six days, and I want to see her as soon as I arrive. We imagine every detail of our first night together until she comes, screaming my name.

Afterward, I reach a new threshold of discomfort. The triangular area of flesh just above my dick feels tender and sore. And it is nearly impossible to take a shit, because when I squeeze my muscles, unbelievable bolts of pain shoot through the area above my crotch. When I look at the skin there, it seems swollen. But then again, I don't look at it that often, so maybe it's always been like that.

I drift off to sleep, praying for a wet dream to relieve my burden. I've never had one before, probably on account of my compulsive masturbation. I'm awakened, however, by the phone.

"I want to do it with you." It's Crystal.

"Now?" I ask, horrified perhaps for the first time in my life by the prospect of a booty call.

"No, silly. I want to do the 30-Day Experiment."

I'm happy to have a female partner in restraint. I tell her about looking for a replacement habit and we decide on something constructive: exercise—swimming for her, push-ups for me.

So, for the next 25 days, whenever I'm aroused, I'm going to do push-ups instead of masturbating. And I will master my hidden self.

My hand is down my pants. I think I'm losing it: I'm getting turned on by Cartman's mom, or at least the demographic of desperate housewives that she represents.

THE SIXTH DAY

Watching *South Park* on Comedy Central, I see an advertisement for *Girls Gone Wild*. This is my first exposure to anything even resembling porn during the Experiment, and the montage of censored breasts and college girls making out suddenly seems like the greatest filmed entertainment our culture has ever produced.

I back it up on my TiVo and watch the commercial again, pausing to look at a few choice Mardi Gras revelers while my hand slips under my belt and gives me an epiphany: When I touch myself but don't ejaculate, I don't feel guilty or unclean. This means that I never had masturbation guilt; it was ejaculation guilt the whole time. And this makes sense. The trope that every sperm is sacred has been espoused everywhere, from the Bible to *Monty Python*. "Because of its divine institution for the propagation of man, the seed is not to be vainly ejaculated," the philosopher Clement of Alexandria advised 19 centuries ago, "nor is it to be damaged, nor is it to be wasted."

So I'm not crazy: By wasting a load of sperm, I'm harming my species. Or maybe I'm helping it. Depends on who you ask.

Thirty push-ups.

South Park is back on and I'm safe. The kids are on a road trip with Cartman's mother. And Cartman is calling his mom a slut and a whore.

I look at her, all crudely drawn triangles and rectangles, and think that it would be awesome to sleep with her.

My hand is down my pants. I think I'm losing it: I'm getting turned on by Cartman's mom, or at least the demographic of desperate housewives that she represents.

Thirty push-ups. I'm going to be buff in no time.

I can't go on like this.

THE SEVENTH DAY

Crystal calls and tells me she began the 30-Day Experiment yesterday. However, unlike me, she did due diligence. With Google on her side, she discovered a spiritual backbone to this that I've completely neglected—more out of laziness than ignorance.

"You're just withholding, and that's not healthy," she says.

"I know. It hurts when I sit now. I'm starting to worry that I'm going to get prostate cancer or something."

"Exactly," she says self-righteously. "You're supposed to take the life energy and, instead of holding it back like a dam, circulate it through your body."

"And how do you expect me to do that?"

"It's supposed to be done with a partner," she hints.

She sends me links to Taoist and tantric Websites. I learn a new word: coitus reservatus—sex without ejaculation.

Before going to sleep, I call Kimberly and attempt this, hoping it will provide some relief.

When she pulls a dildo out of her bedside table and narrates its next moves in fine detail, I can't take it anymore. I press on my perineum and tighten my PC muscle. It just barely holds back the flood. However, I don't have a nonliquid orgasm either.

"Oh my God, I just came so hard," Kimberly gasps. "Did you come?"

"I can't yet." All I've done is made the pain worse. Why do I keep doing this to myself?

There is silence on the other end. It is not a happy silence.

"I'll tell you what," I decide. "When I see you in New York in four days, I'll really come. I think it would be amazing to end this Experiment with you."

"But what about the 30 days?" she asks, more relieved than concerned.

Fuck the 30 days. I am willing to fail this experiment for what may be love. In fact, any excuse to end it will suffice.

THE EIGHTH DAY

As I attempt another of Crystal's ridiculous exercises—the straw meditation, which involves imagining the orgasmic energy being sucked up my spine and into my head—I remember the time I learned to masturbate.

I was at overnight camp in Wisconsin, and for some reason I will never comprehend, the two cool kids in my cabin decided that they needed to show everyone how to beat off.

We were too young to know that masturbation was supposed to be a private act, its revelation to peers punishable by mockery, humiliation, and ostracism. In my pre-sexual brain, it was just another group activity, like archery or orienteering.

I didn't come, or even feel much pleasure. I don't remember if anyone else came either, but, according to the cool kids, that was the goal: It was like a race.

Almost a year later, lying in bed at home, I began pulling at myself one night. I thought of a story a friend had told me about going to the movies with a girl from school and getting a handjob. I extracted every detail from him: I'd never kissed a girl before, or even been within kissing range.

As I touched myself that night, I imagined it was me getting that handjob in the movie theater.

Soon, pressure began to build and my body seemed as if it were separating from reality. My breath caught in my throat, my body was seized by what felt like rigor mortis, and then it happened. A small pool dribbled out of the tip. I reached over my head and turned on the reading lamp next to my bed, careful not to mess it up, and examined it. Because of the way a friend at camp had described his come, I thought it would be clear, like raindrops. But instead it was a little viscous puddle with swirls of cloudy white and a few transparent patches.

As I write this, I realize for the first time why my sexual fantasy is having sex in public places like clubs, theaters, and parties, where no one can see what's going on. Because that's the image to which I had my first orgasm.

THE NINTH DAY

I wake up next to Gina. She'd come over after bartending the night before for a quickie. But it was 3 a.m., and in addition to being tired, I was training myself to be desireless. She took it personally. "You're over this, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?" I ask, though I know full well what she means.

Above my bed, there's a small painting she made for me in happier times. She takes it off the wall and pulls off the back of the frame. Instead of removing the painting, she takes the backing, pinches the black paper on the inside, and tears it off. Beneath, there is a hidden note she'd evidently written when she first gave me the present. I never even knew it was there.

She throws the torn backing onto my chest, then storms out of the house. I pick it up and read it.

"You will be a great husband one day, when you are ready and find the one," it says. "You will be an amazing father to cute, intelligent baby Neils. You are going to hurt me. But I will always love you."

I'm going to miss her. And I will always respect her. The picture frame walkout was the work of a true breakup artist.

After we hang up and I collapse onto the floor of my bedroom, I realize something: My balls haven't ached all day. I seem to have made it through the pain period.

THE TENTH DAY

I wake up, slightly relieved that Gina is no longer in the picture and I'm free to date Kimberly exclusively.

That night, however, Kimberly calls and says she has to take a job as a production assistant in Miami and won't be able to meet me in New York.

"I don't have a choice," she says. "I really need the money. I have, like, $13 in the bank right now."

I'm crushed. I've imagined us meeting tomorrow so often that it's hard to believe it's not actually going to happen. I start to tell her that.

"You're making me cry." She's yelling at me. I'm dealing with emotions now; my logic is useless, my anger counterproductive. All that's left is frustration, paranoia, and a sickening anxiety in every cell in my body that was anticipating the end of the 30-Day Experiment tomorrow and the beginning of new love.

"If you have to disappear," I press, "then first give me a time when I can see you, so I have something to look forward to. Otherwise, this has all just been a fantasy relationship."

"A fantasy relationship?" Evidently, I've said the wrong thing again. "I wanted to see you so badly and you know that. I wanted to be your girlfriend." She stops sobbing, then hits me where I'm weakest. "Don't blame this on me. You're the one who's impotent on the phone."

On a more positive note, after we hang up and I collapse onto the floor of my bedroom, I realize something: My balls haven't ached all day. I seem to have made it through the pain period.

"I want you to fuck my face," she is saying. "Thrust into my mouth, as hard as you want.... Reach down my back and put a finger inside while you're in my mouth."

THE ELEVENTH DAY

The next afternoon, I take a plane to New York, where the empty bed fills my hotel room like an accusation. I'd spent so many nights imagining lying here with Kimberly, seeing each other naked for the first time, acting out all our phone fantasies.

I decide to go to her favorite bar in the city, Amalia, in search of warmth. I refuse to be alone tonight. I spend half an hour talking to a young, thick Brazilian girl with a lisp and a too-tight black dress.

Afterward, she follows me around the bar, touching me at every opportunity. So I tell her, not really caring whether she accepts or rejects me, "We should take one of these girls home with us tonight."

It is presumptuous, and I prepare for her to snap back, "Who says I'm going home with you?"

But instead, she says, "We should take, like, five of them home."

"Who's your favorite?"

She points to a tall, frail girl with pale skin, long auburn hair, and a big, toothy smile.

Two hours later, my hotel room is full. Lucy takes my computer and plays a Shakira video online. Then she rises off the bed and performs a slow, sultry dance as she lisps along in perfect harmony. The tall girl, a wannabe actress named Mary, lies in bed on her stomach and watches. By the end of the dance, she's on her back and we are making out.

She gets the chills every time I kiss her and bite her neck, each shiver shaking off a little more inhibition, until she tells me, "I want to see your cock."

Within seconds I'm completely nude. They're both still wearing their dresses. Without clothes or even actual desire, I feel disempowered. Then I feel awkward.

"I want to watch you fuck Lucy's tits."

Having something to do helps. Lucy joins us on the bed and removes her shirt. I kneel over her, put my dick between her breasts, squeeze them around me, and start sliding up and down. It is as unsexy as it sounds. I don't know these girls like I know Kimberly. I'm not even turned on enough to feel any pain.

"I like watching you fuck her tits," Mary says. "I want to see you come all over her."

On that command, I lose what little arousal I had.

"There's something I should tell you guys," I begin.

They both tense, assuming the worst.

"No, it's not that."

After I explain the 30-Day Experiment, we start fooling around again. But it's not the same. Mary eventually gathers her clothes and leaves, and Lucy falls asleep while I'm going down on her.

It is the worst threesome ever, and I don't care. I am beyond desire. However, I am not beyond loneliness.

When I reach over to the nightstand to check my phone, I notice a text message from Kimberly. My heart clenches. I feel excitement, anxiety, curiosity, fear, and, when I check the message—"Are you phonable?"—relief.

Careful not to wake Lucy, who is lying naked and spread-eagled over the sheets, I slip into jeans and a T-shirt and tiptoe into the hallway.

"Hey," Kimberly says. I adore her voice. It is the sound of gravity, sucking me into her world. I never thought I'd hear it again.

We spend the next hour trying to talk things back to the way they used to be. Eventually, we succeed. "I wish I could be with you right now," she whispers.

Minutes later, I'm squeezing myself through my jeans. "I want you to fuck my face," she is saying. "I want you to just grab my head and thrust into my mouth, as hard as you want. And I want you to reach down my back and put a finger inside while you're in my mouth."

I'm not sure if this is even physically possible, but it's making me feel like I'm 13 again and stealing my father's copies of *Penthouse* to read the letters. I undo the button of my jeans and reach into my pants.

I am imagining it all. She is here, in my hotel room, pale body against the crumpled sheets, lips swollen and chin red from endless kisses, legs wet from ...

I hear the elevators whirring, people laughing. I don't stop. I'm half exposed, and the pressure is mounting. Wet from. This is the night I was supposed to end it all, the night of the toothpaste and the hammer. Wet from.

I could stop. I should stop. I can't stop. She is coming. I am coming.

I watch it release. It doesn't fly everywhere, the way I expected and, on some level, hoped. It just flows out, into a giant pool, like the first time I ever came—except that this time, instead of fantasizing about a public place, I'm actually in one.

I feel an immense wave of relief spread through every nerve ending, and my eyes begin to fill with tears of joy. My body rises and falls with each breath.

"Did you come?" she asks.

"Yes." I already feel guilty: less for masturbating than for not even making it halfway through the 30-Day Experiment. I had hoped to at least be with someone for the climax. But Kimberly needed the closure. And perhaps so did I.

"I can't believe it took me so long to get you to do that." She pauses and I hear her suck in air. She's having an after-phone-sex cigarette. "You were giving me a complex. I thought, I'm no good. I'm not turning this man on, and he's giving me all these orgasms."

Kimberly and I had just had a whole relationship over the phone: We met, fell for each other, dated, had sex, fought, and broke up without even meeting. And now we just had makeup sex.

It is clear that we will never meet. Like the idea that I could actually go 30 days without an orgasm, the whole relationship was just a fantasy.

Before I go to sleep, I call Crystal in Los Angeles. She is handling the experiment just fine: no pain, no anxiety, no worries. But she's of a different gender, the one more likely to hurt after the orgasm than before.

I tell her that I've failed. As she tries to console me, I realize that I actually set myself up to fail. I went on a diet, then hung out at Baskin-Robbins every day. The Buddhists are right. Desire is my pilot and, thus, my enemy. Most of each day is spent giving in to it.

When I'm not fucking, I'm chasing. When I'm not chasing, I'm fantasizing. When I'm not fantasizing, I'm working to achieve status so that I can better attract those I'm fucking and chasing and fantasizing about. I have had sex with tens of thousands of women in my mind. And now that the Experiment is over, the parade will resume in full. They will be back. All of them. The college girl in the blue flowered skirt, swinging her hips through the supermarket aisles. The party girl making out with her girlfriend in the hot tub on the reality show. The tall woman with full lips and tight jeans, standing at the crosswalk as I drive past. The girls who have gone wild. Cartman's mom. And Kimberly. If I can't have them in real life, I will have them in my imagination.

I am an addict.

I am a man.

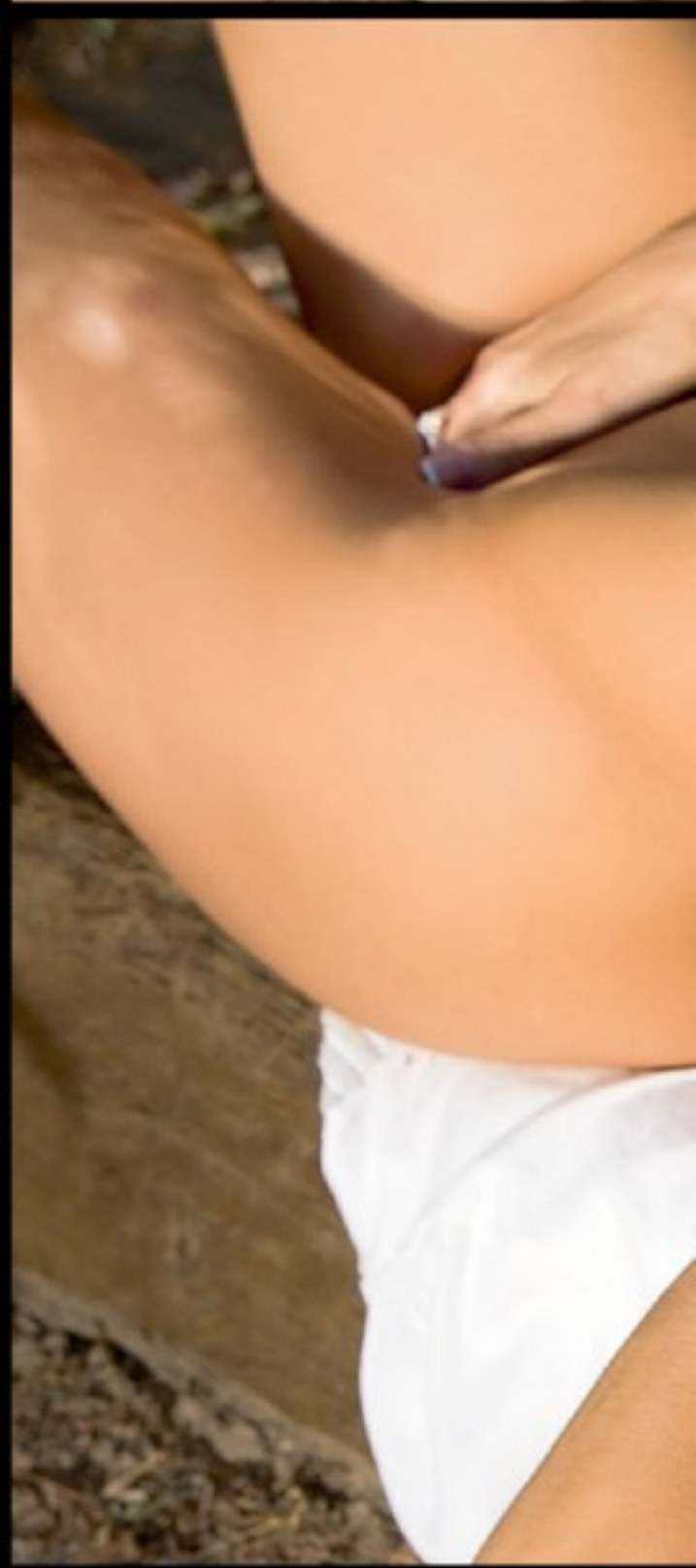
Neil Strauss is the author of four *New York Times* best-selling books, including *The Dirt* with Mötley Crüe, *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star* with Jenna Jameson, and *The Game*. This article is abridged from Neil Strauss's forthcoming book *Rules of the Game*, to be published on December 18, 2007, by Harper Paperbacks, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers.

cabin fever

Taya Parker lives the quiet life when she's at home in Ohio, but the 28-year-old siren turns up the volume when she's onstage. This tiny dancer never turns down a martini and strongly believes that every woman should have a pair of stilettos and a dirty little secret.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios

"If I could have any job, I'd be a famous singer. My dad would be in my band. We've been performing together my whole life. I used to sit on the floor of his recording studio when I was three years old with headphones and a microphone in hand. I knew I belonged there."



"I'm a cozy homebody when I'm not at work. You can find me cuddled up with my cat Chrissy and watching old movies on a Friday night—complete with popcorn and fuzzy socks!"

"For me, there is no such thing as the ideal man. You don't have to be the hottest guy with the coolest car or the most money to impress me. I like a guy who goes after what he wants, who has a goal and ambition. If I'm the goal ... make it happen!"

"My favorite sport is football. I love love love the Pittsburgh Steelers! Can a girl get a date with Big Ben or what? I have a little thing for quarterbacks."

"I'm a perky, small-town daddy's girl with a little attitude. I love to laugh. I always give people second chances (and sometimes third). And I'm always the life of the party."

Taya Parker
Pet of the Month
January 2008

Vital stats:
28 years old, 5'0"
32D-23-33

Sexiest quality in a man:
"Sincerity"

Real-life heroes:
"My mother and father"

Pick anyone in the past, present, or future to have sex with:
"Clive Owen, Clark Gable, Joshua Jackson, and maybe Brad Pitt—but just to see what all the fuss is about!"

Do you want to be famous?
"If you asked anyone who knew me when I was young, they'd say, 'She's going to be a star!' I think that's what I've been telling the world since I was three years old."

Biggest risk you've ever taken:
"Choosing to make the adult-entertainment field my sole occupation. And it has paid off beyond my wildest dreams!"

What gets you excited?
"Roller coasters, shoe sales, girls' night out!"

What gets you in trouble?
"Martinis, Italian boys, and my wild side"

Would you rather get caught masturbating by your parents or by the pizza delivery guy?
"Eww, neither! Wait ... is the pizza guy hot?"

Worst job:
"I worked third shift at Denny's when I was in high school. It was just as bad as it sounds."

What moment in your life would you like to relive?
"I just want to make more moments worth reliving."

Taya Parker

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THE BIG RIP
TAYA PARKER
JANUARY 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

TAYA PARKER
JANUARY 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

TAYA PARKER
JANUARY 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Hot Spot

Does your girl squirm (and not in a good way) when you hit her G spot? Try this instead.

For years, you've been obsessed with the G spot. You and your girl have gone through numerous positions, sex toys, and maybe even taken a class (or two) to figure out where the hell it is and how to stimulate it. If you're as tired as we are of seeking G-spot nirvana, try the PS spot on for size.

The what? The PS spot, short for perineal sponge spot, is the sensitive patch of tissue that separates her vagina from her ass. If you two have ever tried it from behind—we don't mean doggie-style—and she came in a way that your usual thrusting and licking never mustered, the PS spot might be why. To find it, slowly insert your finger inside her, an inch at a time, pushing gently toward her ass on the rear vaginal wall. Feel for a firm one-inch area on the back wall, across from the G spot (if you're all the way in, you've gone too far). If you're not having much luck, try inserting one finger into her pussy and another into her ass, moving inward until you find the area that is thicker than the tissue above or below. Once you've found it, push on it rhythmically until your girl either moans or smacks your hand away.

P.S. You're welcome.

MOVE OVER, DR. RUTH

Don't Fight the Power

Atlanta-based sex guru Alexyss Tylor has a few things to teach you about your sexual spirituality.

Alexyss Tylor achieved Internet notoriety when a few no-holds-barred clips from her public-access shows, *Vagina Power* and *Penis Power,* made it onto YouTube. Her convoluted ideas on sexuality and spirituality embrace certain aspects of Eastern philosophies and metaphysics, but it's her raw presentation that garners all the attention.

Explain your philosophy behind vagina power and penis power.
My concept as a whole is spiritual sexuality. Vagina power and penis power are subcategories of that. I'm talking about the metaphysical aspects of the penis and the vagina. I'm talking about the chakras, the oryx fields, and the cosmic agreements that we make to express sexuality. These things have been separated from penises and vaginas, and I'm trying to get people to see how they are integrated.

"The vagina is the pivotal point of all creation of men and women. For a man to be in penis power, he has to first bask in the glow of vagina power."

Which is more powerful?
Vagina power. Women do not know they have vagina power, or they don't give themselves permission to love, honor, and respect the vagina—the pivotal point of all creation of men and women. For a man to be in penis power, he has to first bask in the glow of vagina power.

How do women fall under the sway of penis power?
We've all had good dick. And a lot of these women think, *Oh, this is the best I've had. I can't do without this. And where am I going to find it if he doesn't give it to me anymore?* She's selling herself out because she's saying that his divinity is in his dick and that she only gets energy and feels more powerful when she gets some dick. She doesn't realize that she is the source of the dick power.

What is a typical question from a caller?
A woman's man has his penis in her vagina and a [dildo] in his ass, and she wants to know if it's possible he's bisexual. I told her it sounds like he could be, and she should ask him directly and get tested immediately. And if he won't answer, spy on him.

Have you noticed any other sexual trends?
Swinging is really hot! It's exploding. And what really shocked me was the Mandingo Clubs. There are so many black men fucking white women, and they don't tell us [black women] that this is what they're doing! Or they're married to black women but part of national Mandingo Clubs and this is their specialty—pumping white pussy with a big black dick. I never knew this was going on!

Not Just a Wet Dream

According to University of New Hampshire Professor Michael Mangan, Ph.D., five percent of adults are sexsomniacs—meaning they engage in sexual behavior in their sleep. Forget sleepwalking, these night rangers get into all kinds of frisky fun, including masturbation and even intercourse, and wake up with no recollection of the activity. And how they get it on during waking hours might be wildly different from their nocturnal style. One sexsomaniac's girlfriend describes him as a gentler lover—more interested in pleasing her when he's asleep than when awake. If you're one of these few, we hope you're better in the sack when you're not dreaming.

Confessions of Sexy Sadie

He had a gift. As sexy Sadie, he could get off just about any man in 169 characters or less using just his keyboard and his filthy imagination. How was he to know that wallowing in textual perversion would affect his real life? By David Whitehouse

Illustration by Matthew Woodson

The man who stares over my shoulder on the train, the guy who sells me coffee so strong it makes my eyeballs fizz like sugar cubes, the polite chap in the cheap suit on the local news. I see them every day and wonder, *Did I ever get you off?*

By the age of 21, I'd had text sex with more than 20,000 men, bringing them to orgasm in 169 characters or less—including punctuation. There aren't many heterosexual men who can say that, but then there aren't many heterosexual men who've had a job pretending to be sexy Sadie, a nimble-fingered 19-year-old nurse with a penchant for kink. It's amazing what can be discovered about the male psyche through a short text exchange that begins with the words "Will you suck my cock?"

Let me explain. Men of a certain inclination would respond to a small magazine advertisement that featured a beautiful blonde teasing a stiffened thumb into the elastic of her knickers and saying, "I want horny text chat—contact me now." That was Sadie's face and those were Sadie's Olympic-size breasts. But *I* was Sadie's dirty mind. While these men were imagining her writhing on red velvet bedsheets liberally scattered with enough sex toys to open a dildo museum, they were, in fact, writing to me—a skinny white boy with an ill-advised haircut, sitting in front of a computer in a tiny office in Kings Cross, London: the heart of England's sex industry.

The job was mine by accident. I majored in journalism, so my three most employable attributes were an ability to type extremely fast, a complete lack of money, and a willingness to do just about anything to earn some, which is exactly what I told the man at the job center. He gave me a card with an address and a time, so I borrowed a suit from a friend and made my way there.

"It's quite a difficult job to explain," said my prospective employer, an extraordinarily ordinary-looking chap whose garb did nothing to betray his status as a pornographer. He shook my hand and sat me down at a table, upon which was a piece of paper turned facedown.

"Are you easily offended?" he asked, and I replied in the negative. "Then what," he continued, "would you think if I showed you this?" He turned over the paper to reveal a blow-up of Sadie's ad. "I'd wonder why you were showing me soft porn in a job interview," I replied, still not totally convinced this wasn't some bizarre sex trap. But he slowly explained it all. Essentially, the job involved getting paid to pretend to be a woman and talk sex with

gullible men. I had friends who stacked cans of beans in factories. We shook hands once more and the job was mine.

Now let it be said, when it came to getting men off, I was good. This isn't vanity, oh no—the statistics showed that when it came to talking filth, I was a human sewer, pumping muck straight into a sea of male sexual fantasy. Besides, I *am* a man, and I knew what I'd want to hear if Sadie texted me. I'd want her to be flirty and forthright, to cut to the chase. I made Sadie into an angel with blue language, a woman who wanted to do nothing but fuck. Sadie couldn't be a tease. She was cheeky. She was brave. Naughtiness dripped from her every word. I could juggle-text message conversations with up to 25 guys at a time, skipping gracefully through a minefield of perversity—from Sadie's fantasy of being a bullish arresting officer who dispenses rough sex instead of jail time to elaborate imaginings of debauched orgies in her suburban love nest.

You may be thinking that my work was cruel, sad, or just plain mean, and in the beginning I had the same concerns, only tenfold. I would lose sleep thinking about the men who had fallen in love with a figment of my imagination. In one month alone, Sadie received seven marriage proposals. One man spent more than $1,000 texting me in a single day.

I had the privileged viewpoint of a woman. I saw what men became when they thought no other men were around to judge them, when they had Sadie to themselves. I became their confidante. They revealed their innermost hang-ups and secrets. Sure, most of them were just trying to fuck her, but that didn't matter. What man hasn't been guilty of a chameleon-like change when trying to bed a beautiful woman? I know I have. And with every confession and sneaky little lie they told me, I saw a bit of myself. When I asked them to describe their sexual fantasies, they would skirt around the issue for fear of earning Sadie's disgust. And that's what I would have done, too. I was the same as them. Whittle us down to a few raw ingredients—a man and a woman, a guy with his cellphone and Sadie—we are all exactly the same.

But with this realization came trouble—a sex-god complex of sorts. While most would be content for Sadie to simply tell them what she's wearing and thinking about, others had a myriad of deviances to discuss. We might be the same when it comes to the dogged pursuit of women, but when it comes to what raises our mast, we are all vastly different. There was the man who wanted me to detail how I would roll up my sleeves. Another discussed what methods I'd use to iron his penis. One chap would reach orgasm from just one message detailing how I'd trash his brother's bedroom.

But spending all day wallowing in perversion began to mess with my head. I became unshockable. I'd find myself unable to comprehend taboos in real life. During dinner conversation with my girlfriend, I'd absentmindedly discuss the day's work, as would a policeman or a builder. But their job descriptions never included helping a man get erect by describing how they'd wrap him in plastic and kick him down the stairs. Once, I brought home printed transcripts of Sadie's conversation to show my girlfriend how accurately I felt I'd captured the essence of a woman's thoughts on sex. Basically, I was telling her that there was no mystery to her anymore, that I'd unlocked her. My work was making me think that our nice, normal sex life seemed boring and staid. She didn't match up to Sadie, the perfect lay, and I was pushing her away for it.

The job was starting to change me. My own experiences couldn't match up to the ones I was getting paid to imagine every day. I *was* Sadie in my mind, an all-seeing siren who knew all there was to know about both men and women. Soon enough, the boundaries separating our sex lives crumbled and my girlfriend left me. She wanted a "normal boyfriend." She said I was spending too much time in a fantasy land, and she was right. This small army of people who adored Sadie had swelled my ego. I began to believe and act like it was me they worshiped, not her. I'd walk into bars as if I were a sexual Goliath, when in truth, I was anything but. The more attractive Sadie got, the uglier I became. It was time to make a change.

That day came on 9/11. Within ten minutes of a plane plowing into the first tower, I was having text sex with more than 1,000 men who suddenly inundated our system. The very second I'd send a text, another would arrive, and I was sending six texts a minute, a rate that quickly increased on what became our busiest day ever. When men thought the end of the world was nigh, they were dropping everything for one last chat with Sadie. One last flirt. One last declaration of love. One last orgasm. And I'm getting them all off while watching, for all I know, what might be the end of the world. I realized that this was a day, like no other before, when it just seemed so right to be with someone you love. But when chaos reigned and fear crept in, I had no one but Sadie at the expense of my own brilliant relationship. And she didn't even exist.

Twelve hours later, I walked home through a panicked, deserted London, never to return to that office. The end of Sadie was here, her mourning took place in the heads and hearts of 20,000 strangers. But not mine. I sent a lonely text message to my ex-girlfriend. I'd forgotten what it felt like to not get a reply.

I made Sadie into an angel with blue language, a woman who wanted to do nothing but fuck. Sadie couldn't be a tease. She was cheeky. She was brave. Naughtiness dripped from her every word.

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jenna & jana

When the J-Team heats up the night, Jenna Presley and Jana Jordan get in a few licks and double their trouble.

Photographs by Misha

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Viagra for Her?

We've seen the future of libido enhancers. Now it's time for the ladies. Big Pharma is creating a crop of sex boosters for her. By Jonathan Sabin

Male existence is little more than a constant state of sexual readiness. Being in the mood is in our genes. If the Apocalypse were imminent and God was rendering judgment upon our souls, we would *still* be in the mood. After all, the perpetuation of the species depends on it.

Unfortunately, the same can't be said for women. If male arousal is a light switch permanently flipped to the on position, female arousal is a delicate electrical network fraught with circuit breakers, power grids, and slaps in the face. If one thing goes wrong, the whole sexual system short-circuits. "I'm tired. I'm too drunk. You're too drunk. I only have sex after the second date. I don't even *know* you." We've heard it all. If only there were something more effective than oysters, alcohol, and an offshore bank account to increase the female libido.

Thankfully, the $600 billion pharmaceutical industry is on the case. Ten years after Viagra, companies are racing to develop a female equivalent. According to a seminal 1999 *Journal of the American Medical Association* study, 43 percent of women suffer from some form of sexual dysfunction (compared to 31 percent of men). Shockingly, among women ages 18 to 29, some 32 percent lacked interest in sex, 27 percent said it was not pleasurable, and 26 percent were unable to achieve orgasm. "It's a big problem," says David Ferguson, a clinical pharmacologist who conducts drug studies for pharmaceutical companies. "These women are unhappy and seeking solutions."

Sadly, the only current solution for frustrated females is *Sex and the City*, a pint of rocky road, and a fully charged Silver Bullet. Couple this with limp erectile-dysfunction-drug sales over the past several years, and Big Pharma is salivating over the untapped female demo. "It's a bigger market than the men's," says Stephen Simes, CEO of BioSante Pharmaceuticals in Illinois, who predicts that sales of female aphrodisiacs could surpass the $2 billion-a-year penis-pill market.

Initially, the drug giants thought they could simply slap a hot-pink label on Viagra and hawk it to ladies. Viagra and its ilk are known as PDE5 inhibitors—drugs that increase blood flow to your phallus by preventing the breakdown of nitric oxide, an essential ingredient to a rock-hard erection. Dick docs figured that if increased genital blood flow amplified arousal in men, why shouldn't the same hold true for women?

"We naively thought that we could go to females and address arousal with the same products," says Ferguson, who also edits the *Women's Sexual Health Journal*. "But they showed absolutely no success. Blood flow is not the problem."

Since piping wasn't the problem, sex scientists shifted their focus to hormones. They discovered that testosterone, typically associated with male sexual function, also plays a significant role in female desire, arousal, and orgasm. Procter & Gamble developed a transdermal testosterone patch called Intrinsa for older women whose testosterone levels had plummeted after their ovaries were removed. In clinical trials, they increased their number of "sexually satisfying events" from one to two over a one-month period. That wasn't enough for a 2004 FDA advisory committee, which demanded to see more safety data before giving P&G the green light to continue development. Which might be a good thing, considering its side effects include acne, clitoral enlargement, abnormal hair growth, and voice changes.

A slew of smaller, boutique companies are also vying to discover the next sexual blockbuster drug. BioSante is in phase III trials of Libigel, a testosterone cream (applied daily to the upper arm) that reportedly increases the number of sexually satisfying events by 238 percent—*now* we're talking. Like Intrinsa, the primary market for Libigel is surgically menopausal women, but the company envisions potential consumers among younger women taking birth-control pills.

If the thought of your girl sharing your libido *and* your Gillette Mach3 doesn't get you in the mood, there are several other pleasure potions that steer clear of testosterone. Flibanserin, from German drugmaker Boehringer Ingelheim, was originally designed as an antidepressant and has been found to increase desire in women (but, interestingly, not men). It'll be up for FDA review around 2009. Then there's Palatin Technologie's Bremelanotide, a nasal spray that works directly on the central nervous system (they're also working on a male version). Whether these lust boosters will gain approval from the increasingly conservative FDA is anyone's guess. In the interim, there are two over-the-counter products that have been clinically proven to increase female libido. The oral nutritional supplement ArginMax ($75 for a three-month supply) contains the amino acid L-arginine, while Zestra is a "feminine arousal liquid" composed of botanical oils and applied directly to a woman's genitals. Consider it K-Y with a kick.

While all this progress toward a female Viagra should be cause for celebration, not everyone is hopping on the love train. "I am unalterably pessimistic about these drugs' ability to improve women's sexual lives," says Leanore Tiefer, a psychiatry professor at the New York University School of Medicine who believes that natural variance in female arousal is being reduced to a condition that must be cured. "I am sure there is a small number that will benefit, but a large number will be harmed because the drugs will be oversold while other forms of help, like education, will be underfunded."

Even though Big Pharma may sometimes create demand where none previously existed, that doesn't mean we should dismiss the 43 percent of women who want to spark up their sex lives. After all, if men can have a pill, why can't women? It might not be a sexual panacea, but it's better than a vibrator.

Well, depends on the vibrator.

Always Aroused

According to the International Consensus Development Conference on Female Sexual Dysfunction, women can experience sexual dysfunction with desire, arousal, orgasm, and pain. But one recently diagnosed condition doesn't fit neatly into any category. Persistent genital arousal disorder's primary symptom is constant genital arousal in the absence of sexual stimuli. In other words, some women are always in the mood. Even an orgasm doesn't bring them relief. Although scientists speculate that antidepressants might have something to do with it, the precise cause remains a mystery. Researchers believe the condition is underreported, as many women with PGAD never tell their doctor about their condition. Can you really blame them?

Shockingly, among women ages 18 to 29, some 32 percent lacked interest in sex, 27 percent said it was not pleasurable, and 26 percent were unable to achieve orgasm.

Tattooed Temptation

Hot tales from *Letters to Penthouse XXIX—Take a Walk on the Wild Side,* published by Warner Books

I opened the door of the studio and the buzzing immediately hit my ears. Remembering the last time I got tattooed, my body began tingling and goose bumps broke out all over my skin. I had been waiting for this day for weeks; after deciding on a design and setting the appointment, the anticipation of getting a new tattoo was almost unbearable. It is commonly thought to be a painful process, but I disagree. To me, the experience is pleasurable, almost erotic. I love it!

They say that getting tattooed is addictive, and I am living proof of that. After getting inked for the first time a few years ago, I find that periodically I get that "itch," and before I know it, I'm getting another tattoo. Some people joke that I must have a masochistic streak for wanting to go under the gun so often. But I love the scratching heat of the needles as they pierce through layers of tissue to permanently deposit the ink into my flesh, creating a map of my life's experiences. Often the sensation is so great that I feel as if I could come, right there on the tattooist's table.

For me, getting tattooed is a sexual experience. The sensations and the intimacy of the situation make it difficult not to get aroused. The bond of trust between a good artist and myself is often closer than that with a lover. In allowing him to mark me permanently, I carry forever an emblem of the time we have spent together.

My most erotic tattooing experience was the time I went to Jared's studio for some fresh ink. My usual artist, Nancy, had moved away, and Jared came highly recommended by friends. I don't let just anybody tattoo me, and he was known for his artistic talent and professionalism. I had planned on getting a large koi, a traditional Japanese fish design, on my shoulder blade, and I wanted it done well.

When I entered the studio, design in hand, I knew I had made the right choice. The walls were painted white and covered with flash, the brilliant cartoon drawings that show tattoos still in the artist's head. There was a shine to the linoleum floor that assured me of a clean, sterile environment. My pulse quickened when I spied a woman putting the finishing touches to a dragon on a biker's chest. Knowing that I would soon be in the hot seat was enough to make my heart race.

A minute or so later, someone approached me and introduced himself as Jared. We sat down and discussed my design, then he gave me a photo album of his work to look through while he prepared the transfer. His pieces were beautiful—clear lines, even on the most intricate of designs, and vibrant, almost glowing colors. I felt confident putting myself in his hands.

Jared came back over, ready to go. Since the tattoo was going on my shoulder blade, he asked me to take off my shirt so he could transfer the stencil onto my back. Luckily, I had come prepared for that and was wearing a low-cut strapless bra so that I wouldn't have to strip completely. When I took my top off, Jared commented on the pin-up girl that had been covered by my sleeve. While he prepared his gun and the little cups of ink, we discussed our various tattoos.

After transferring the stencil to my skin, he handed me a couple of mirrors so I could make sure I was happy with the placement of the design. As soon as I saw the koi on my back, a surge of joy ran through me and I knew this tattoo was meant to be.

I made myself comfortable on the table, glad that it was the end of the day, and that I was the only customer left in the shop. The piercer was getting her things together to head home, and the other artist was leaving as well. After putting on an old Replacements CD, Jared slipped on some rubber gloves and got to work.

When the humming needle made contact with my skin, I tensed as the first line was etched into my flesh. Drawing a sharp breath through my teeth, I quickly exhaled as the prickly heat on my shoulder blade sent a warm sensation coursing throughout my veins and body.

"That didn't hurt, now, did it?" Jared teased, dabbing away a bit of blood with a crumpled paper towel.

"No," I replied, "it's different than that. It feels really great, almost like a complete sexual rush."

"That would be the endorphins kicking in," Jared explained. "They're sort of like natural pain relief. Just

> Each new application of the needle sent sparks rushing straight to my pussy. As my panties dampened, I hoped that Jared hadn't noticed my arousal.

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relax and enjoy it." *Well, doctor's orders,* I thought to myself, and put my head down on my arms and closed my eyes.

Soon all my energy was concentrated on my shoulder blade, which was abuzz with the needle's vibrations. It felt as if my back was an electric force field, heightening all my senses. As Jared continued to work, I became more aware of his hands moving along my back. With latex-covered fingers he stretched my skin taut, and I could feel his warmth through the rubber glove.

By this point, I was so relaxed that I almost forgot where I was. The combination of the needles in my skin and Jared's touch felt like a really intense massage. Periodically, he would pull the gun away to refresh the ink and then return to the tattoo. Each new application of the needle sent sparks rushing straight to my pussy, and I felt my cheeks begin to flush. As my panties dampened, I hoped that Jared was concentrating solely on my back and hadn't noticed my arousal.

After about an hour, Jared put down his gun and I opened my eyes to find him smiling at me. "Well, the outline's done," he said as he surveyed his work. "Wanna take a look?" He already knew the answer and had the mirrors ready.

When I stood up, I felt that natural high that comes from getting a tattoo, and as the endorphins rushed through my body, the surge of energy that followed heightened my arousal. I bit down on my bottom lip, trying to hide my excitement, and took the mirrors from Jared.

It was incredible. The harsh black outline of the fish was bold against my creamy skin, slightly puffy and red around the edges. Imagining it fully colored in—the brilliant reds and oranges in sharp contrast to the black lines—a shiver ran through my body. I turned to Jared.

"It looks great," I said, smiling broadly. "What do you think?"

"I'm really pleased with it," he replied. "I'd like to add some swirls around it, like waves." He drew circles on my shoulder blade with his fingertip, illustrating his meaning. When his hand made contact with my skin, I gasped, and our eyes met in the full-length mirror. He peeled off his gloves and grasped my upper arms, massaging them lightly.

"You've spent a lot of time on that table," he murmured. "Would you like to take a break?" When I nodded, he tenderly kissed the nape of my neck. I hadn't hidden my excitement after all, I realized, glancing in the mirror at my erect nipples poking through my bra.

Turning around, our lips met. It felt strange that this was only our first kiss after sharing such an intimate experience. His hand dropped to my breast and caressed my nipple through the soft cotton, then deftly unhooked the front clasp of my bra.

"Why, you've done this before, haven't you?" I teased, running my hands over his shoulders and arms.

"Not with a client," he replied seriously. "I just feel this incredible connection with you." He ran his hand over my shoulder carefully, so as not to brush the tender flesh.

Jared kissed me again, so deeply and passionately that my pussy was tingling as well as my shoulder. I undid the button on his 501s and, after quickly ridding ourselves of our jeans, he picked me up by the waist and placed me back on the table. I ran my cotton-covered toe over the front of his briefs, feeling his erection.

Kneeling in front of me, Jared

lowered his face to my dripping pussy and pulled apart my swollen lips. With one long swipe of his tongue, he had me shuddering beneath him as all the pent-up energy from the tattoo was released in a gigantic burst. As he continued lapping, I began moaning and shaking so hard that he had to hold me firmly to the table. With great urgency, I grasped his shoulders and pulled him up so that once more we were face to face. Sliding off the table, I quickly pulled down his underwear and his impressive cock sprang free.

Jared turned me around so that my back was to him, and I held the edge of the table. Grasping me by the waist, he entered me from behind with one firm thrust. When he was buried balls deep in my cunt, he slowly pulled back out, and I could feel the bulb-shaped head of his cock slipping out of me. Sliding back in, he began thrusting in earnest, holding my hips tightly for support as I braced myself against the table to take all of him.

It wasn't long before I was coming again, my pussy clasping his pounding member as sweet spasms washed over me. I was amazed by the sheer intensity of my orgasm and couldn't remember when I had ever come so deliciously. Affected by my climax, within seconds, Jared reached his peak and cried out as hot jets of come filled my throbbing cunt.

Jared pulled me tightly to him, and I flinched slightly when my tender shoulder rubbed against his chest. I hadn't forgotten the tattoo during my brief moments with Jared; rather, it had intensified the experience. Nuzzling my neck, Jared whispered in my ear, "So, how about we get that thing colored in?"

I nodded my assent, knowing this wouldn't be the last tattoo I'd get from Jared.—*E.V., New York*

It wasn't long before I was coming again. I was amazed by the sheer intensity of my orgasm.

free range

One look at Wichita's Haylee Hunter proves that not everything is flat in Kansas, and this former competitive cheerleader/future nurse knows how to work her assets even when she's not home on the range.

Photographs by Misha

"Was I a wild teenager? Of course—who wasn't? I've always liked hanging out with guys more than doing chick things with the girls."

"I'm looking for a man who is close to my age and can support himself. Oh, and he has to be taller than I am, but that's easy. I'm only five one."

"My favorite workout is sex, but my favorite sport is football. I'm slowly learning the rules and how to play."

"I'm up for anything adventurous as long as it doesn't get me arrested. Though I have to admit, sometimes my looks get me out of trouble."

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Fred Armisen

The veteran *Saturday Night Live* cast member has a hilarious new DVD that will teach you everything you need to know about the art of drumming—if it doesn't blow your mind first.

Tired of all your drummer friends bugging you for an advanced instructional video every holiday season? Well, with the release of Fred Armisen's new DVD, your troubles are over. Titled *Fred Armisen Presents Jens Hannemann: Complicated Drumming Technique,* it's the perfect stocking stuffer for your percussionist pals, and will finally teach them the finer points of drum work that they've long hungered to learn: things like hand-heel coordination, beats per minute, and complex time signatures. It could get you guys signed.

Not since the heyday of the rim shot—which is technically called a *sting,* as Hannemann could no doubt tell you—have drums figured so prominently in a comedy act. Armisen's new disc is a subtly hilarious 30-minute music-parody in the tradition of *The Rutles* and *This Is Spiñal Tap,* and it makes sense that Armisen, who started out as a drummer for Chicago punk band Trenchmouth, should deliver it.

Armisen entered the comedy world with a guerrilla video he made at the South by Southwest music festival in 1998, when he was still playing in a band. Trolling the festival with a video camera, Armisen posed as a German journalist, a deaf man, and other characters as he interviewed the likes of *Rolling Stone* writer David Fricke and Pavement drummer Bob Nastanovich. The footage was bootlegged endlessly, and single-handedly launched Armisen into comedy. Less than four years later, he landed a role on *SNL,* where he has created a number of recurring characters, including Ferecito, the Venezuelan drummer/comedian, and night-school devotee Gabe Fisher. We talked to Armisen about life on *SNL,* meeting Prince, and the most complex time signatures known to man.

Where is Jens Hannemann from? He sounds Scandinavian.
He's of German descent, but he lives in Southern California. He's one of those Southern California guys who are trying to hide their accent, but you can still hear it. He's been living in California doing session work.

One of his compositions, "Fluid Engine," has a 9/21 time signature. That's deep.
This was based on so many drum videos I've seen. They just break everything down into so much detail, to the point where it just sounds like math. It's like they're not even talking about music anymore.

Hannemann also has an album titled *Synchronology*. How would he describe it?
He would describe it as world music, jazz-fusion, funk ... rock ... rockabilly-reggae ... dub.

There are also some practical drum tips on the DVD from Victor Benedetto. Did you know guys like him in music stores when you were growing up?
Yes, I knew a lot of guys who worked in drum stores or were drum teachers who were like that. They didn't sound like musicians—they sounded more like plumbers.

You've been on *Saturday Night Live* for six years. Can you tell us something about the show that we'd be surprised to hear?
I think people would be surprised by how many changes happen *really* last minute. Up until 11 P.M., changes are being made on the script. During the show, changes are being made. It's fun, but you really have to be prepared for anything.

Is there a favorite sketch of yours that never made it on the air?
I did a sketch once where I played a guy who lives on a rooftop and keeps pigeons in cages, and he thinks he's *really* ugly. A girl comes up to the roof, and he just keeps telling her how ugly he is. Every time she says, "No, don't worry about it. You don't look so bad," he gets *way* too confident and braggy about it. He makes a total turnaround and shouts off the rooftop to New York City. It was a weird piece. But when stuff doesn't make it on TV, I don't think, *If only America could have seen it.* I think, well, maybe it just didn't work the way I thought it did.

I understand you heard from Prince about your impression of him. What did he say?
I got a message from Paisley Park that said, "We enjoy—*we* enjoy—the Prince skits very much." And that was it. But to me that was enough. Then I met him, and he was very nice about it.

He brought it up?
He had his own way of letting me know; he sort of said [*assumes Prince voice*], "It's cool," and put his hand on my arm. I was happy. Because I've been a Prince fan for a really long time and—it's the same way with the drum DVD—the sketch is not making fun of him; it's like a celebration of him.

FredTube

Fred Armisen's work can be seen all over the series of tubes that is the Internet. Here are the top-five choice clips from Google Video.

5. Miles Covington—Armisen plays a cornrowed musicologist declaiming the virtues of the form. Choice quote: "Music defines our emotions—trip on that."

4. New Jersey Gay Couple—Armisen and Bill Hader play Sopranos-esque life partners in this *SNL* sketch. Choice quote [*holding mistletoe over his crotch*]: "Ay, ovah heah."

3. Artist on Artist With Jeff Tweedy—The Wilco frontman shoots the shit and plays Mad Libs. Choice quote: "Phyllis had been thirsty and had gone into the house for some urine."

2. Feminist Bookstore—Armisen and Carrie Brownstein review bookshop fliers. Choice quote: "You're making your anus special by not wanting it talked about."

1. Saddam Hussein as an aging Cockney rocker. Choice quote: "Those were the days, back when being a dictator was really being a dictator—d'you know whut I mean?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY (RIGHT) LIAM DUKE/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA

By John Bolster

"I think people would be surprised at how many changes happen *really* last minute on *Saturday Night Live*. Up until 11 P.M., changes are being made on the script. During the show, changes are being made."

SESSION MAN: According to his bio, Hannemann has asked to record with such artists as Sheryl Crow, Pat Metheny Group, Massive Attack, Chick Corea, and countless others.

SANTA'S COMING

THE LAST THING I WANTED TO DO WAS PLAY SANTA AT A SWINGERS PARTY, BUT MY BUDDY DAVID WOULDN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER. I'D ALREADY TOLD HIM TO FUCK OFF ONCE, BUT HE WAS HARD UP ENOUGH TO CALL ME BACK, AND I GAVED—SORT OF.

ART BY MATT ERIKSON
COLOR BY BRYON DAVIDSON

A FEW HOURS LATER, ONLY A FEW STRAGGLERS WERE LEFT, LIKE THE HOTTIE ON MY LAP WITH MELON TITS.
I want a Christmas Barbie.
Yeah, me too.

THEN SHE REACHED DOWN AND GRABBED MY COCK THROUGH MY SANTA PANTS.
Ooh, Santa has a Christmas chubby!

THAT'S WHEN I REALLY GOT INTO THE SPIRIT OF THINGS. I WENT OVER TO THE PUNCH BOWL AND OFFERED SYDNEY A DRINK.

Travis, do you think it's unnatural for an elf to want to fuck her Santa?

No. I think it's the most natural thing this side of Santa's village.

THEN I HANDED HER ONE OF THE SURPRISE GIFTS.

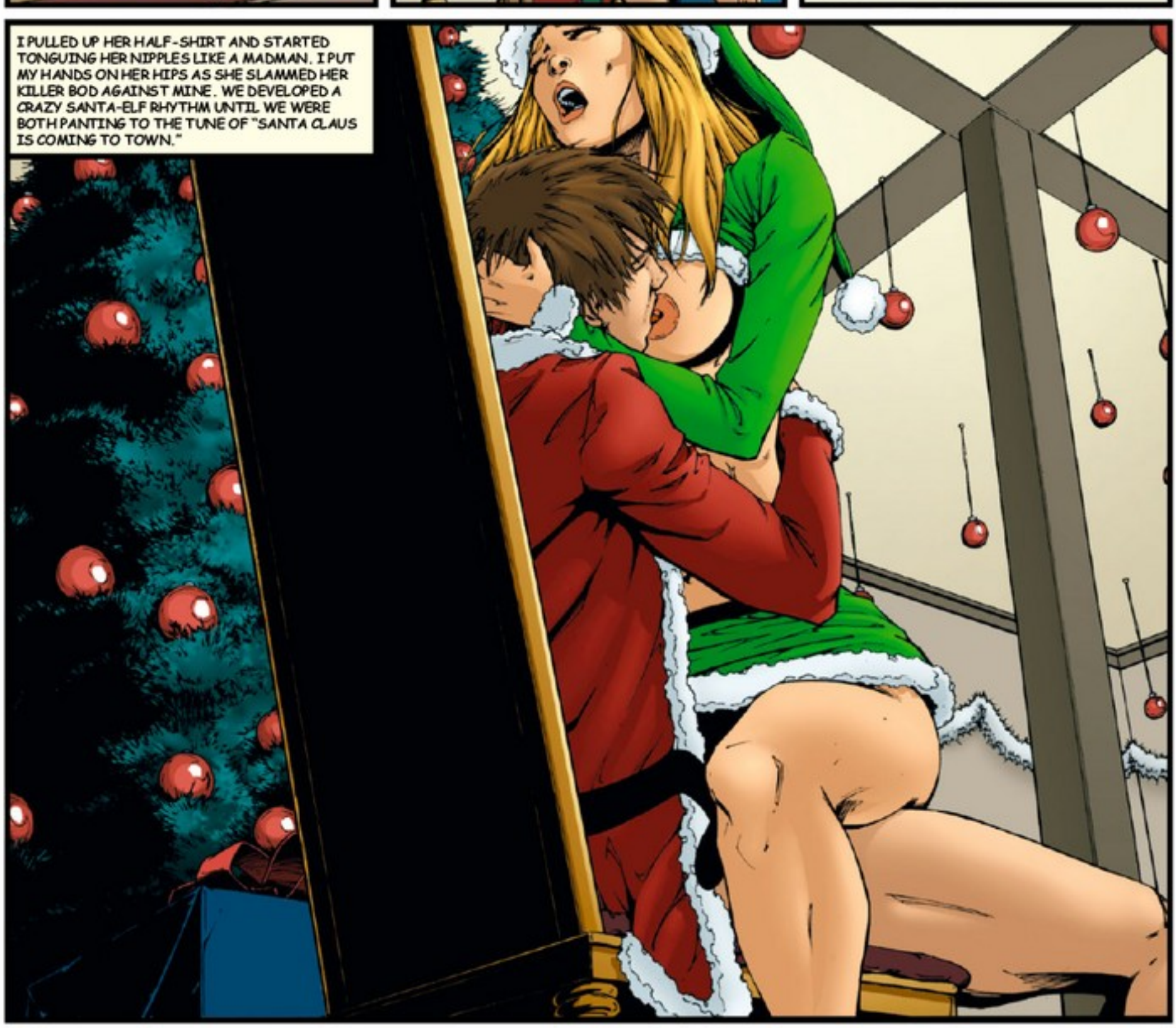
SHE OPENED THE BOX TO REVEAL A CANDY-STRIPE DILDO.

Yummy, but I'd rather lick the real thing!

THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS BACK ON MY THRONE AND SYDNEY WAS SUCKING MY NORTH POLE.

Has Santa been a good boy this year?
Oh, yeah.

THEN SHE STRADDLED ME AND STUFFED MY YULE LOG INTO HER PUSSY.


I PULLED UP HER HALF-SHIRT AND STARTED TONGUING HER NIPPLES LIKE A MADMAN. I PUT MY HANDS ON HER HIPS AS SHE SLAMMED HER KILLER BOD AGAINST MINE. WE DEVELOPED A CRAZY SANTA-ELF RHYTHM UNTIL WE WERE BOTH PANTING TO THE TUNE OF "SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN."

Oh, Santa! Oh God, Santa!

There's still two more days until Christmas. If you're good, I'll play Santa's helper and we can have our own party.

I LIFTED HER SHIRT UP AND WENT BACK TO SUCKING HER BREASTS.

Oh, I'll be good all right!

THE END

slumber party

Zafira's boyfriend is out of town, but why sleep alone when she can curl up next to a hot friend like Lola? In fact, why sleep at all?

Photographs by Viv Thomas

Zafira never goes to bed horny when her guy is around, but Lola is better at teasing than she is at easing Zafira's tension. She's got an erotic bedtime story, and knows how to act it out.

Lola's story inspires a tale of Zafira's exploits. As she gets caught up in showing Lola how her guy gets her off, she kisses her way along her lover's delicious curves.

She loves Lola's lacy panties, and how they highlight the beauty of her satiny skin. But what Zafira really wants is to delve into what lies beneath that sexy lingerie.

Just as Zafira expected, Lola's pussy is ready and waiting for her special touch. And Lola quickly returns the favor, exploring Zafira's throbbing entrance and aching clit.

This slumber party is just getting started, but luckily, these lusty ladies have a long weekend of hot, wet kisses—and so much more—ahead. After all, isn't that what friends are for?

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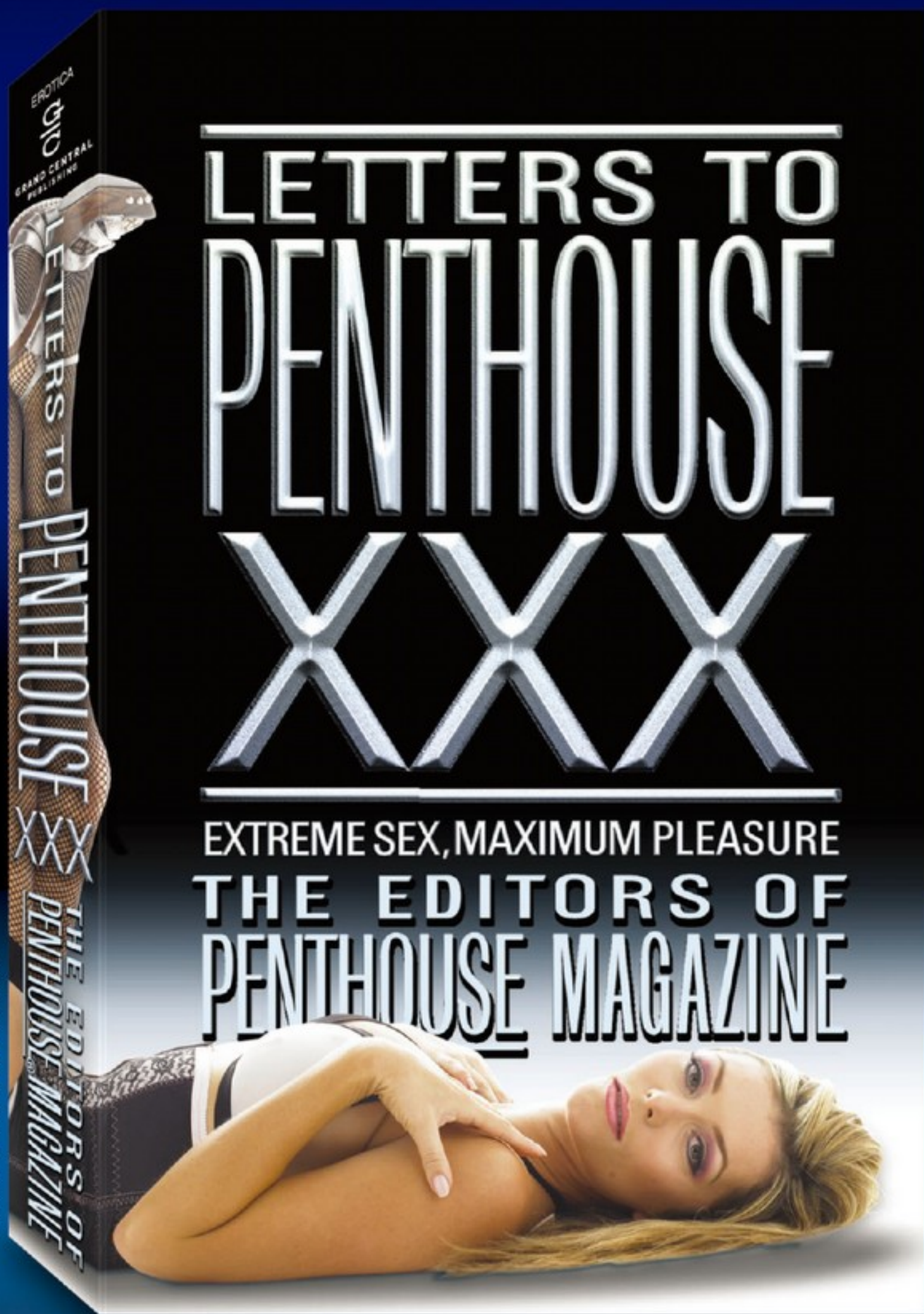
—2007 Penthouse Pet of the Year, Heather Vandeven



Bookcover photograph by Richard Avery

Available January 2008 wherever fine books are sold or order online at *barnesandnoble.com* and *amazon.com*.

Cock Sure

It's happened to all of us. You're about to get it on with a hot, eager girl when suddenly you freeze. What's she going to think when she finally sees all of you? Are you ready to satisfy her? Not to worry. Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D., talks to her Pet friends and tells you how to put these issues to bed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KELVIN MURRAY/GETTY IMAGES

You are not alone. Men are universally concerned with the size of their penis, wondering whether it measures up to those of other males and whether it is capable of satisfying a woman. So does size really matter? The answer is a qualified no. Penile size is to men what breast size is to women—something that affects self-esteem but is disproportionate to its importance, at least as far as sexual satisfaction is concerned. As you will see, chances are your penis is average in size, and an average penis is perfectly fine for the majority of hot women.

Even though the length, width, and shape of the penis vary substantially, ranging from only a few centimeters to the longest one on record, which measured in at 14 inches, 88 percent of men have penises between five to seven inches long when erect. This is an adequate size for 90 percent of all women. Indeed, the average woman's vagina is only about three inches long (about four and a half inches long when fully aroused). To accommodate a longer or thicker penis, it can stretch to fit; however, such stretching does not necessarily increase a woman's pleasure. Moreover, a long penis is often uncomfortable, as it tends to hit

the cervical area, which most women don't find pleasurable. A longer penis also tends to be less rigid than a shorter one due to the greater blood volume needed to fill it out.

Penis girth has a higher correlation to female sexual satisfaction than penis length. Because the majority of vaginal nerve endings are located at the entrance of the vagina, wide penises with pronounced, mushroom-like corona heads may be more adept at stimulating these nerves. However, wide penises are definitely not comfortable for oral and anal interactions. And the majority of penises are between three and six inches in girth, while an average vaginal circumference is about 2.4 inches. Though most vaginas can stretch to fit a thicker penis, many women find such stretching uncomfortable, particularly if they are not fully aroused.

Does this mean penis size does not matter at all? No. A smaller penis (less than three inches when erect) might fail to sufficiently stimulate some women, while an extremely long penis (more than seven inches) might make deep penetration painful. In addition, some women may prefer larger penises for reasons other than sexual satisfaction. Just like some men find large breasts a turn-on, some women find large penises to be visually arousing, regardless of the practical implications of size. But she might be wowed by a huge penis, yet prefer a lover with an average-size one.

Of all the Pets I have talked to, only one emphasized the importance of a guy's penis for her arousal. She also admitted that she is only able to climax from intercourse. A majority of the centerfolds rated oral skills as more important to their sexual satisfaction than penis size (6.5 out of ten was the mean importance of the penis size, and eight out of ten was the mean importance of oral skills). The 1993 Pet of the Year, Julie Strain, said, "Penis size is not important to me because it is not how I come." A long, agile tongue (à la Gene Simmons) probably gets higher scores from hot women than a long penis does!

Of course, in addition to being a sexual object, your penis is a symbol of virility, dominance, and masculine power. From that perspective, you might worry not so much about its ability to satisfy your hottie, but how it compares to other men she has been with. Perhaps you first became anxious about the size of your penis when you compared your undeveloped phallus to that of your father or older brother. Or maybe you used to look down at your penis while comparing it to those of other boys in the locker room. To get a better estimate of your size, look at yourself in the mirror instead of looking down.

Although women may talk about being thrilled by seeing the penis of a well-hung stud, in reality, the size of the relaxed or flaccid penis does not really matter because during an erection, the penis may increase to several times its flaccid size. About 90 percent of all men have penises that range from three to five inches when flaccid. But some guys with below-average flaccid penises end up with above-average erections. These guys, or "growers," prove that an erection is the great equalizer.

Has she had bigger ones? No matter how curious you are, never, ever ask a woman how your penis compares to those of other lovers she has had. You will come across as an insecure chump, and she will never tell you the truth anyway. Instead, no matter what you are packing, carry it with pride. How can you expect her to like your penis if you don't fully accept it yourself?

Remember, even a below-average-size penis can perform more than adequately when attached to a sensitive and skillful lover. Only 30 percent of women consistently achieve orgasm through intercourse, and the majority of women require additional clitoral stimulation to achieve orgasms. Learning how to make the most of positions that maximize contact with her clitoris or that achieve maximum G-spot stimulation will put you far above most lovers she has ever had.

Even if your penis is on the smaller side, it may be superior in other ways to previous penises she has had. It might have smoother, softer skin than most, or a pronounced corona, or it might curve in a way that delivers greater pleasure. Penises that curve upward are perfectly suited for stimulating the G spot (except for an extreme curvature, which cannot penetrate a vagina and is a possible sign of Peyronie's disease). I once had a lover who was extremely self-conscious about his penis, which he considered crooked, as it had a pronounced downward bent. But once I showed him how to utilize his curvature to please a woman, he was no longer unhappy with his penis! In the doggie-style position, he was

PHOTOGRAPH BY SERGE KOZAK/ZEFA/CORBIS

Tip: Pressure Drop

If you tend to go soft due to performance anxiety, make sure to relax. Tightening leg muscles sometimes steals blood away from the penis. Take deep breaths from your diaphragm and stop watching your erection. Ease your performance pressure by focusing on her pleasure. If your erectile problems continue beyond novel situations, get a medical checkup.

> Never ask a woman how your penis compares. No matter what you are packing, carry it with pride. How can you expect her to like your penis if you don't fully accept it yourself?

able to give me the most powerful G-spot orgasms. What he considered to be a defect turned out to be a rare, delicious advantage!

What is far more important than the size is the "fit" between the couple, as anatomical compatibility can make a difference. Petite women often dislike the feel of a large penis, while some bigger women prefer more filling stimulation. In my own experience, there is definitely a big difference in how well you match with some partners. Some guys I literally merged with, while with others we seemed to require extra effort to find a comfortable position for penetration. So if you really want to get her feedback, ask her what she thinks of how you fit together.

Finally, because every penis is attached to a man, when a woman feels passionate and turned on by a man, she is likely to imbue him with positive characteristics and perceive his penis as larger than it really is. In other words, it's more about the man than his manhood.

GETTING TO ME!
IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, *PENTHOUSE*, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, NY 10121.

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By Eric Danville

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Penthouse Pick

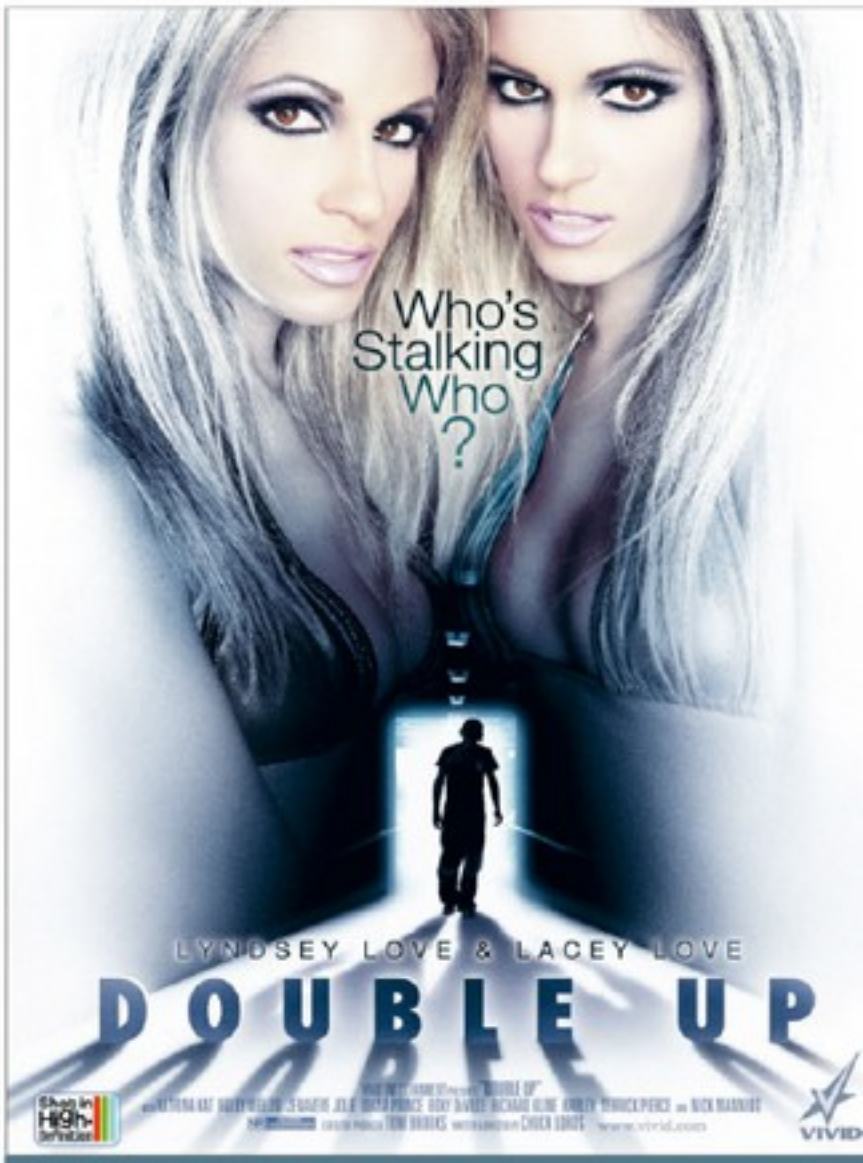
Lick It Don't Dick It #2
(The Candy Shop)

Kudos to director Diana DeVoe for assembling a collection of women who can make even a jaded old fuck sit up and take notice of the usually disappointing all-girl genre. *Lick It* presents ten girls (white, black, and Hispanic) in five scenes that offer a consistent level of heat. The stunning Nyomi Banxxx and India Summer use the pretense of an escort-service job interview to throw down this disc's shining scene. After some steamy banter, Banxxx glides a vibrator over her pink button until Summer really gets things going, showing a hint of stocking top as she bends down to lend a hand and give Banxxx a more in-depth probing. Misty Stone makes a shower masturbation session even more entrancing and erotic than we generally see. The cast of absolutely beautiful women puts most other girl-on-girl shows to shame. Grab this and don't let go.

BIG MAC ATTACK

The Adventures of Shorty Mac #7
(Black Market)

There's a special kind of thrill that comes from watching a woman get fucked with a really big dick. We're not talking Ron Jeremy big. We're not even talking Lexington Steele big. We're talking Shorty Mac big—one of those legendary cocks that's as thick as your wrist. His huge salami renders oral sex almost completely worthless (for us, not him, we're sure), but once the fucking starts—watch out! The hands-down best scene on this disc, which is full of winners, features Honey DeJur, a cute Hawaiian with a full ass, naturally large tits, and ... wait for it ... *braces*. She spends most of the scene wailing and telling Mac to pull her hair (her best line when they're balling: "Don't be afraid to fuck me!"). At one point, a slackjawed Mac even seems surprised at how much she can take. And take it she does, from missionary to cowgirl to the moment he comes on her mouth metal. Nikki Lov, Hailey James, Sophie Dee, and Megan Reece also give impressive performances for which they should be applauded.



DOUBLE DUTY

Double Up
(Vivid)

Fucking sisters is definitely something to shoot for in terms of bragging rights, but only the truly ambitious stud would set his sights on banging twins. For anyone who dreams of pulling the by-product of spontaneous cell division, this is a gift from the gods. Real-life twin sisters Lyndsey and Lacey Love perform in a pair of scenes—satisfying the men in the film, but not each other. The first one features Nick Manning (who works a faux-dominant persona that we don't dig) sand manages to work despite Manning's distracting histrionics. The otherwise dependable Manning lays some considerable stick on the twins before glazing them with ball juice. The Love sisters later couple with another lover after a day at an amusement park—and the fun *really* starts when they become the big-ticket ride. A biker dick-slinger fucks them long and hard, eliciting squeals of delight in stereo. Two other scenes are content to make use of the girl-on-girl theme without the genetic glue that binds the rest of the flick. But a titular promise is a titular promise, and *Double Up* succeeds mostly when the sisters are on-screen.

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FOUR ON THE FLOOR

For the last few months Mike and I had been hanging out after work, but it wasn't until recently that he invited my girlfriend Lisa and me over to meet his wife. Mike said Dana loved meeting new people and promised we'd have an unforgettable night. I told Lisa about the invite, so we were set to go over to Mike's the following Friday.

On Friday, I picked Lisa up after work and we stopped to buy some wine. When we got to Mike's place, he introduced us to Dana and then showed me around the house while Dana gave Lisa a very different tour. When Mike and I caught up with them in the den, Dana was showing Lisa Mike's extensive porn collection. Lisa and I had watched porn together, but never with another couple. I was surprised that Dana had talked Lisa into picking a movie for the four of us to watch, but not by Lisa's selection—a masturbation video. Lisa loves to masturbate and I get off watching her.

After Mike opened the wine, we coupled up to watch the movie. With the lights off and the wine buzz, Lisa and I felt relaxed enough to make out and occasionally comment on the on-screen action. Several times during the flick, as I worked my hand under Lisa's skirt, I caught Dana looking in my direction—but I wasn't sure whether she was checking out me or my girlfriend. I began to wonder how the evening would end.

When the movie was over, Mike suggested we watch something else. While I browsed the titles, Dana took Lisa into the bedroom. I asked Mike if he knew what the girls were up to and he said, "Knowing my horny wife, it'll be something we'll all enjoy." I was pretty horny, too, and couldn't wait for them to return.

Mike was right about Dana. The girls walked in wearing just their bras and panties. Dana had a vibrator in each hand, while Lisa carried a sheet and some pillows. Then Dana asked if we really wanted to watch another movie, because she and Lisa had something in mind that would be a lot more fun. Mike and I were up for whatever they had planned. Mike and Dana had been together longer than Lisa and I, but I knew Lisa well enough to know that she liked having an audience. This situation was tailor-made for her.

Lisa and Dana spread a sheet and some pillows on the floor, and stepped out of their underwear. Then Lisa sat in front of Mike and Dana sat in front of me. They made a beautiful sight with their legs spread open, but as gorgeous as Lisa was, it was hard for me not to look at Dana, too. She had big breasts with huge nipples. I knew Mike thought Lisa looked good because he seemed transfixed by her glistening pussy. He was in for a real treat. It doesn't take much for my girlfriend to come, and her orgasms are big and wet.

Lisa and Dana reached for the vibrators and began rubbing the buzzing tips between their legs. Dana told Mike and me to take our pants

> The action got even hotter when Dana turned around and buried her face between Lisa's legs. I'd never watched a girlfriend do *this* before.

off and stroke our cocks for them. I hesitated until I saw Mike peeling off his pants. Then I did the same and we both started to stroke our cocks as we watched the girls fuck themselves with their vibrators.

Lisa was the first to cry out as she peaked. Mike was totally focused on her as her head fell back and she came all over her fingers. I could see the frustration on Dana's face as she fucked herself harder with the vibrator. But Lisa eagerly came to Dana's rescue.

"You look so hot, Dana. We all want see you come," Lisa said as she took her vibrator and pressed the buzzing tip to Dana's clit. That touch was all Dana needed. Suddenly she cried out and her body shook. I didn't know how close Mike was to coming, but seeing Lisa help Dana get off nearly sent me into spasms.

The action got even hotter when Dana turned around and buried her face between Lisa's legs. I'd never watched a girlfriend do *this* before. I was still stroking my hard-on when Dana told Mike and me to jack off on Lisa's ass. We quickly moved to Lisa and jerked off until loads of cream ran down the crack of Lisa's ass and onto Dana's waiting tongue.

> I started stroking his dick, and he pushed hard into my hand. If he would only reach beneath my skirt, he'd know how slick with desire I was.

After Dana and Lisa sucked our cocks hard, Lisa rode Mike's cock while Dana led me to the couch. She pushed me down, then turned her back to me and sat on my cock. I grabbed Dana's tits and let her set the pace. As she bounced on my lap, I watched Lisa and Mike going at it until they had explosive orgasms.

I was about to come when Lisa came over and licked my balls. The mad combo of Lisa's hot tongue and

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Dana's muscles gripping my cock set me off. My orgasm seemed to go on forever—as did Dana's, thanks to a little help from Lisa.

We had a blast that first night, but I never imagined Mike's initial invitation would lead to the four of us hooking up several times a month, or that we would expand our group to include others when the mood was right. As soon as I have time, I plan on detailing more of our exploits in letters to *Penthouse.—F.L., Minnesota*

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With the train racing uptown, his hand slid around to my stomach and traveled up under my blouse.

TUNNEL VISION

I came home from work hot and sticky, leaving a trail of clothing on my way to the shower. As I let the water wash away the heat of summer, I found myself smiling and thinking about my subway ride home.

Just 30 minutes earlier I was riding the uptown express with every other straphanger trying to get home during the Friday-evening rush. I'd been pushed into a corner at the end of the car and my hands were braced against the locked door. It was insanely hot, and I must have picked the one car with weak air conditioning and no lights.

Feeling slightly dizzy with the pressure of the bodies around me and the lack of air, I laid my forehead against the glass and closed my eyes. I'd broken up with my boyfriend about a month ago and had recently begun to entertain the idea of a fuck-buddy. While mulling over the prospect of another weekend without sex, I felt a hard body press up against me from behind. The man placed his briefcase on the floor between his legs and against my ankles, then reached up to brace himself against the door. We were in the tunnel and it was too dark to see his reflection in the window, but he felt good on my back.

I took a deep breath, inhaled the spicy scent of his cologne, and felt his hard thighs and firm stomach against me. I hadn't played this game in some time and I was so tempted to turn around to look—but sometimes it's more fun not to.

He leaned slightly forward and I responded by leaning into him. His free hand rested on my arm and traveled down until it casually came to rest on my hip. The train shuddered, and he used the unexpected motion to pull me even closer to him. With

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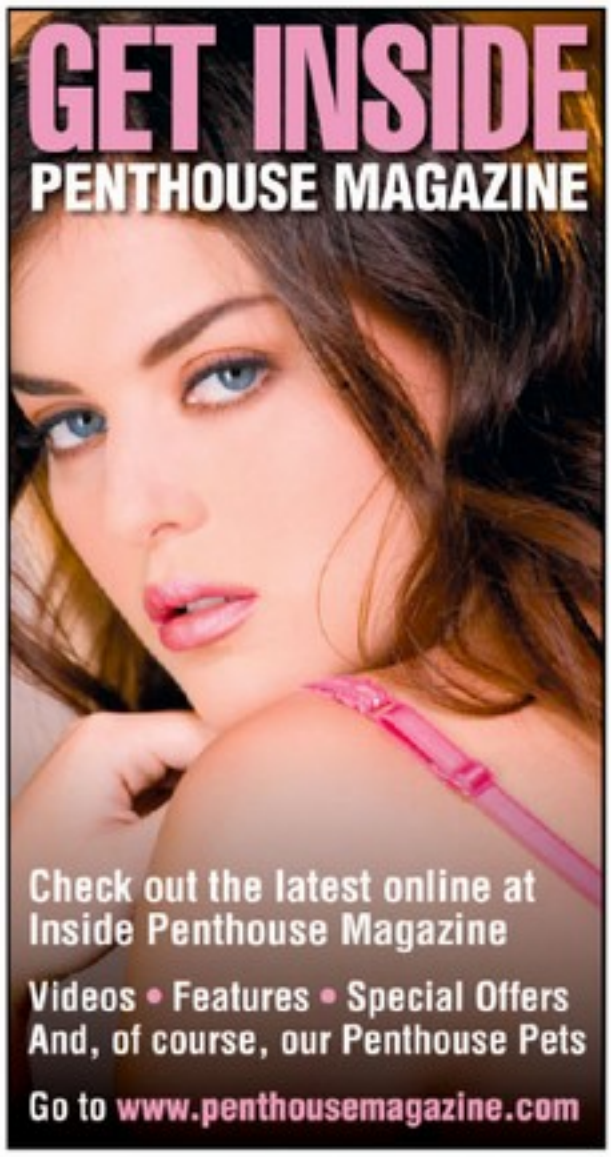

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the train racing uptown, his hand slid around to my stomach and traveled up under my blouse. My tits are huge and my nipples quickly responded to the attention by growing taut. I didn't have to wait long for the sensation in my nipples to reach my throbbing clit. It felt like my own personal power surge. I took a deep breath and let my hand drop down; he moved with the next train tremor to meet it. I could feel his massive cock through the fabric of his pants. I began stroking him, but at that moment, the train pulled into a station and light from the platform filtered in through the windows, illuminating the car.

"Fuck!" he said under his breath. I quickly removed my hand from his fly. A few people escaped the heated car, but it seemed as if dozens more muscled their way in. Pressed together even tighter than before, we waited until the doors closed and the train rumbled out of the station into darkness again. I had 20 minutes at the most to get off. I hoped there would be enough time.

Just when I began to wonder if the moment was over, he placed my hand on his hard length. He'd eased his zipper down and I felt his cock pulsing under my fingers. I started stroking his dick, and he pushed hard into my hand. If he would only reach beneath my skirt, he'd know how slick with desire I was. Because of the heat, I'd removed my stockings and panties before leaving the office.

His breathing was shallow in my ear when he whispered he was close to coming. But what about me? Then, as if he'd read my mind, the hand under my blouse moved down and around to squeeze my ass before finding the slit in the back of my skirt. He reached between my legs, finding my slick folds, and dipped each finger into my creamy hole. His fingers probed me, and the more he finger-fucked me the hotter I became, until I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out as he pushed me beyond my limit and I gushed all over his fingers.

I almost forgot my hand was on his cock when I felt him push it away. He had what felt like a handkerchief in his hand, so I knew he was about to explode. He started discreetly riding my hip until he suddenly leaned forward, grunting and coughing to mask his orgasm.

Then, just as we pulled into the station, my rear-seat driver patted my hip and breathed his name and a complimentary salutation into my ear. I turned slightly and said, "Anytime."

My reminiscing came to an end as I stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around myself. I wondered if I would ever run into him again. I was picking my clothes up from the floor when a business card fell out of a pocket. I never put anything in my pockets. Recognizing the name of my train buddy, I instantly knew that I was going to have a fucktastic weekend!—*R.G., New York*

When Steve drove around to the backyard, I saw a swimming pool full of naked women—hot naked women, with figures like Pamela Anderson and Demi Moore.

COUGAR FEVER

I'm 26 years old and I've just discovered the joys of older pussy. I

had vacation time coming but was low on cash, so I decided to abandon the big city and spend June with my parents at the family ranch.

One day I drove to town to get some ranch supplies at the lumberyard. While I was signing the receipt, the older sister of a high school friend came in. I hadn't seen Shanna in a half-dozen years and, at 38, she still looked hot. We hugged, and she introduced me to her husband Steve. They invited me out to lunch and we caught up on everything that had been going on since I'd moved away. Then she told her husband that she'd given me my first taste of pussy. I was stunned.

Luckily her husband laughed, putting me at ease, so I laughed, too, and said, "That's right—and the second, third, and fourth, as I recall." From that point on, the conversation was laced with sexual banter. Before we left the diner, they invited me to a Saturday-Sunday fuck-fest barbeque at a ranch about two hours away. How could I refuse?

The next morning, we met for breakfast and drove their RV to the ranch. On the way, Steve said I'd probably be the youngest guy there—most of the group would be between 35 and 50. I silently pictured myself fucking some dumpy motherly type, since there was no guarantee they'd all look like Shanna. If I'd known about the age range, I'd have passed. Now I was stuck.

But when Steve drove around to the backyard, I saw a swimming pool full of naked women—hot naked women, with figures like Pamela Anderson and Demi Moore. Steve and Shanna undressed in the bus and I followed their lead, keeping on only my hat and flip flops. We stepped out of the bus and were met by the hostess, a tiny Hispanic woman named Maria. She was barely five feet tall with D-cups. I practically had to fold my six-four frame in half to receive a welcoming hug from this mini-bombshell.

Maria introduced us to the whole gang, which included 16 couples and a few singles. The last person she introduced me to, Ramona, was a tall, pretty woman who looked about 40. She was nude except for a red bikini bottom with ties on the sides. When some good, slow country music started to play, she invited me to dance. She pressed her DDs against my chest, and I ran a hand under the bikini bottom to cup her ass. She whispered that one tug of the string would make the garment drop to the floor. I yanked on the string and then flung it aside with my toe.

She tucked her gorgeous body against me as we continued to dance, but soon we were sitting at a picnic table and she was stroking my dick while I had two fingers in her pussy. She was soaking wet. I looked across the yard and saw several couples fucking and a few others fondling. Maria was giving someone a blowjob on the porch.

Ramona put a blanket on the table and lay on her back. When I slipped my hands around her waist and pulled her to the edge, she put her legs over my shoulders. I eased my dick into her pussy and took some time to work my way in. We started a slow, steady rhythm, but she begged me to speed up. As I felt the pressure begin to build in my balls, I asked her if she was ready to come. Ramona nodded frantically between moans. I slammed into her with one final thrust and came with a spine-rattling orgasm.

While Ramona and I were catching our breath, Maria walked over with someone's come splattered on her chest. She asked Ramona if she'd enjoyed our fuck. Ramona responded that she had, and hoped I'd enjoyed her 48-year-old pussy. I was amazed. Then I pulled out and she hopped off the table, ready to give me head.

Before the weekend was over, I fucked Ramona again, the 50-year-old Maria, and her 45-year-old sister Linda. Then I had a three-way with Steve and Shanna when we got back to their house.—*D.T., Texas*

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By Eric Danville

Vanessa Williams

Your little sister may know her as the super-fine villainess on TV's *Ugly Betty*. Your older sister probably knows her from the hit R&B singles "Dreaming" and "Runnin' Back to You." But chances are pretty good that your dad knows her best, as the stunning Miss America who was forced to resign the position nine months after she graced the stage in Atlantic City, when nude photographs of her were published in the September 1984 issue of *Penthouse*.

The black-and-white photos were a dark secret from Williams's past, and—for obvious reasons—weren't in her modeling portfolio. The only thing you didn't see in the pictures, taken by Tom Chiapel in 1982, were Williams's beautiful green eyes; otherwise, nothing was left to the imagination.

> The photos were scandalous, and they may have been the best thing to happen to her career.

Supporters of Williams piled on *Penthouse* editor in chief and publisher Bob Guccione for dethroning the first black Miss America (even though it was really the pageant officials who made Williams resign). Guccione, for his part, had no apologies for publishing one of the fastest-selling magazines in history. In 1984 he told *People* magazine that the Miss America Pageant is a "glorified beauty contest." And with his typical audacity, Guccione offered Williams a full-time job representing *Penthouse* (an offer to which she did not reply).

The photos were salacious, scandalous, and just may have been the best thing that happened to her career. A few years after the media frenzy died down, Williams established the most successful career of any former Miss America, with a string of hit songs, films, and stage roles. Her music and acting skills got her nominated for Grammys, Tonys, and Emmys. She's won the Billboard Music Award, an NAACP Image Award, and a Theater World Award. Most recently, the former nude model was honored with ... a Teen Choice Award.

The September 1984 issue of *Penthouse* is a bona fide collector's item, and not just because of Vanessa's photos. The Pet of the Month in that issue was none other than the underage Tracy [*sic*] Lords, who gave the photographer a phony driver's license to prove she was over 18 and, when the truth came out, ignited a scandal herself. So it's a collector's issue that no one can collect, because owning a copy is a federal crime.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM CHIAPEL

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